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Cover photograph of Mrs Vena Bubb by Doris Thomas

Features

5

Agoraphobia – its symptoms and sufferers by Hilary Wilce

11

And there's another side – six interviews with women in Ireland

28

Marilyn – Margaret Walters on a feminine tragedy

38

Mother's Little Helper – Peta Riley talking about her male au pair

Fiction

8

Night – extract from Edna O'Brien's new novel

25

Continuing to be continued – two endings to our first issue story

Regulars

4

In our own write – letters page —

10

Man's World – Beauty and the Beasts by John Peel

16

The Visions of Ann – Sheila Rowbotham

27

Garb – Students on the Steps by Anna Wintour

30

Education – sex roles in science books

37

Munchy Business goes to the country – by Fran Fogarty

34

Review – all the usuals plus special this month Machines and Competitions

39

Spare Parts

News

17

Where old people can live

21

Stories from around the country and abroad

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Dear Spare Rib,

I read your first edition with interest, and found its psychological and sociological approach to women's problems a great improvement on the usual material dished up by magazines, as suitable food for female thought!

However, I was saddened to find abortion treated, in your terms, unemotionally, but in mine, superficially, as one of the forces which will liberate women.

I have never understood the reasoning which is able to regard a foetus, which could grow to have life and personality of its own, in the same impersonal light as an overgrown toenail.

In one issue you print a story which is a woman's impressive cri-de-coeur for her own right to identity, together with an article about abortion — abortion which is an outright denial of identity to so many unborn. It is not logical. Many of us, who now pride ourselves on our own developing independence, would not be here at all if our mothers had 'liberated' themselves by such drastic means, whatever the justification.

I cannot subscribe to the view that we are mothers simply because society has educated us into that role. As a teacher, I find great job-satisfaction; as a housewife, I have many creative interests; but none of this compares with the joy of creating and rearing a child.

Yours sincerely,
Stella Fitzsimon
418 Street Lane,
Moortown, Leeds, 17.

Dear Spare Rib,

Forgive me if I seem to be looking for things to disagree with but your magazine is very new as an idea and obviously can't hit on the formula needed in the first issue.

On the whole I liked the magazine but I did object to the Face Value Article. What's wrong with a few wrinkles and a few dirty pores? Surely we should be trying to get past the skin, the body, and reaching inside to the real, true person and that won't be done by sticking oil on a dry skin. The way to liberation is to examine and understand yourself, not to analyse your skin type.

The point about pollution is very relevant but isn't the problem to stop pollution rather than cure the effects?

love,
Jennifer Grant,
41, Hillfield Road,
London

If dirty pores turn you on, then make them as dirty as you like. The problem of pollution is one we are all working on all the time. I'm just trying to explain what pollution is doing to our skins and offer suggestions as to how to alleviate the problem. The point is, we wouldn't need to take all this care if we were eating the right foods, living and breathing fresh clean air and getting the right exercise. But let's be honest and admit to it, and do something about it.
Julie Reiter.

In Our Own Write

Dear Spare Rib,

Your July Issue contained an excellent article 'Pounds Shillings and Pensions' with one most unfortunate error. The supplementary Pension level (or poverty line) is not fixed at £8 a week (including rent) but is highly variable depending on the circumstances of the pensioner. For a single householder, it will equal the sum of £6.30 plus the rent and rates, while for a single pensioner living with relatives it will equal the sum of £5.10 PLUS a nominal 'rent contribution' of £0.65. If a pensioner has housing costs the standard national insurance premium of £6 will most certainly be insufficient to raise him or her to the poverty line, but without housing costs the National Insurance pension is normally just sufficient to keep him or her out of poverty. Where rents are high the standard National Insurance Retirement Pension may easily be half the supplementary Pension entitlement.

Yours sincerely,
Chris Purnell
Wandsworth Poverty Action Group
31 Sisters Ave,
Battersea, London SW11

Dear Spare Rib,

What about a marriage of equality?
Hear this —

According to a survey carried out by a public relations firm not so long ago, it was found that a mere 92% of the men interviewed claimed they would not marry a wife who earned more, or was as, or more, intelligent than they themselves!
Patricia M. Pierce
63 Beech Road, Sale, M33 2FA
Cheshire.

Dear Spare Rib,

After unsuccessful attempts to obtain your magazine in the early morning, I nipped out in my so-called 'lunch-hour' (36 minutes!) and managed to buy a copy.

Holding it proudly aloft I marched back into the office feeling liberated already, but, my boss was paying us a visit and had heard of you also, and the remainder of my lunchhour (his is later!) was lost while he was absorbed in our magazine.

Very flattering for your magazine, but not exactly 'Women's Lib!'

Good luck with future issues, carry on the good work and perhaps one day everyone will know we are equal, including ourselves!

Yours truly,
Elaine Roland,
70a The Avenue,
Willesden, N.W.6.

Dear Spare Rib,

Well, we too have been waiting with bated breath for the publication of Spare Rib. I think it is nicely got up, but I hope you will forgive me for being frank, I think it says absolutely nothing to anyone as it now stands. It merely plays upon a low side of human nature and does nothing to restore the dignity and respect due to women which was what I thought you were trying to do.

I don't think anyone likes the kind of language the reviews are written in. I think negative slanging does no good, ie Richard Neville's horrible article on the glossies, though I agree Cosmopolitan is not a magazine to be recommended. Wouldn't it be possible to look at something better?

meanwhile, best of luck
Rachel Shaw,
Leysters Old Vicarage,
Leomintare, Herefordshire.

Dear Spare Rib,

Your article on 'Femfresh life without love' aptly illustrates how exploited women are by the existing media. We all are urged to be so very much, i.e. allthings to all men; the complete Madonna/whore complex. With the aid of various cosmetics, medicaments and fashions, it is suggested, we can automatically become attractive and sought after. By playing on the latent insecurities of women the advertising magnates increase the neurotic disillusionment of those who feel inadequate.

The accepted 'women's media' imply that one should fulfil so many divers functions. Not only should we be competent nutritionists, we should be beautiful, articulate, understanding mothers, and sensuous lovers. Men are required to be none of these, but are expected to be successful in their careers. The ideal woman, in addition to the former roles, is also on influential businesswoman.

By virtue of this vicious circle women become prize pawns of the consumer society. Freed from the home by modern gadgets they are able to pursue paid employment, possibly monotonous but remunerative. Yet work brings them into contact with their peers, all of whom are striving to satisfy their material urge, and all competing with the others to acquire more status. Eventually the machine, which was intended as the tool of woman, becomes her master as she strives ever harder to gain more tangible possessions.

Love,
Sandie
address not supplied

The slicker
The Vicar
The quicker
The service goes.

Hugh Allen

Thank you very much for all your letters, we really love reading them. Please keep on writing to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh Street, London W1A 4XS.

Agoraphobia

photographs by Doris Thomas

Unless you have been a sufferer or know someone who has been an agoraphobic, the chances are that you are ignorant of the nature of the disease and the alarming number of people it affects. Hilary Wilce writes about some of the symptoms and the organisations set up to help. She also talks to Carolyn Manifold and Mrs Vena Bubb, themselves agoraphobics.

At sixteen Carolyn Manifold became a patient in a psychiatric hospital because she was too frightened to leave home, even to go shopping or to travel to work. Carolyn's situation is extreme but her case history is similar to that of many agoraphobics. There are quarter of a million known agoraphobics in this country, the vast majority of them women. The actual number of sufferers may well be nearer half a million for the apathy and intolerance of many doctors cause too many other agoraphobics to keep their bewildering fears a shameful secret.

Agoraphobia is commonly known as a morbid fear of public places. Sufferers often prefer to define it as a fear of any situation in which they feel trapped. Neither definition gives any indication of the true misery of people made prisoners by their fears. Isolated, they live in a twilight world of panic and apprehension, where a train journey is a total impossibility and the corner shop might as well be on the other side of the world. And they live alone with their fears because, as one agoraphobic says: 'How do you explain to anyone the terror you feel at the thought of walking down your own street? It would almost be easier to have some sort of obvious, physical disablement.'

Like most illnesses, agoraphobia varies in type and intensity. At one end of the scale is the girl who occasionally feels unable to face travelling on the Underground; at the other end is the housebound housewife who never, ever goes out, who cannot bear to stay on her own and who is perhaps too frightened to take a bath or wash her hair.

But the varied fears of agoraphobics refuse to fit neatly into one phobic slot. If someone is terrified of crowded lifts or crowded trains, are they agoraphobic or claustrophobic? The answer is probably, both. Agoraphobia can also be accompanied by specific phobias — a dread of heights, bridges, clouds — and anxiety and depression states are common among sufferers.

The majority of cases of agoraphobia develop when people are in their mid to late twenties. For some, the fear builds up slowly over a number of years, gradually becoming more and more unbearable. Twenty per cent of agoraphobics were also school phobic when they were younger. Other people find themselves suddenly, and for no apparent reason, experiencing a full, phobic panic.

This happened to Stephen Lyman-Dixon, a former designer who is now running Young Phobics, an organisation for all young phobic sufferers. About a year ago he was walking down a street in Fulham. 'Suddenly my heart raced alarmingly, my mouth dried up and I was covered in perspiration. Buildings seemed to cave in on me and sounds were completely distorted. I was trembling all over and thought everyone could see how I was feeling. I felt so awful I thought I was going to die. I honestly thought I was going to die.'

Stephen turned and headed for home and did not venture out again for four months. Even now, his agoraphobia well under control, he cannot walk down that same street. This panic feeling, which all agoraphobics know and fear, is caused by a surge of adrenelin through the body. 'But, imagine! It's what ordinary people might experience when they are about to be pushed out of an aeroplane at twenty five thousand feet,' says Mrs. Vanna Gothard, who runs the Phobic Trust charity. 'Then of course, once you've experienced that, you are frightened of it happening again. It's like living with a poisonous snake on your shoulder. It might not have bitten you for some time, but you are aware of it every moment.'

Agoraphobia is known to occur in people of all types, characteristics and intelligence but most agoraphobics are women. The Open Door, a private club for agoraphobics, currently has only 400 male members out of a total of 3,000 members. One reason offered for this is that women are less conditioned to be brave than men and admit to fear more readily. But women are also more likely to find themselves in the isolated, purposeless, insecure situations that are the breeding grounds for irrational fears.

Former broadcaster Keith Harrison who, as a controlled agoraphobic, now runs the Anxiety and Neurosis Foundation of Great Britain, has observed the situations of many agoraphobics. 'I firmly believe that if a woman is able to achieve a certain independence, and become a person in her own right when she is still young, the chances of her becoming an anxiety sufferer, with phobic displacement, are considerably reduced in later life,' he says. 'And I am thinking particularly of the woman who has devoted two decades of her life to bringing up a family, only to find she cannot cope when the children have left home.'



Carolyn had dressed up for her visitors. She was wearing a pink blouse with matching lipstick and blue eyeshadow. 'It's so nice to have some young people to talk to,' she said. 'In here they're all so old.'

At seventeen Carolyn Manford is a patient in Goodmayes Hospital, a grim-looking psychiatric hospital in Essex. She is an agoraphobic and has been in hospital for three months.

'It started for me when I was eleven and at secondary school. I found it difficult to mix and would get into corners all the time. Then it got worse and when I was fourteen I found it difficult to go to school. I had to run all the way because I couldn't face walking. I thought everyone would know how I felt and laugh. When I got to school I'd hang round outside the classroom plucking up courage to go in.

'In my last year I played truant a lot and would lock myself in the house. Then I left school and I found I couldn't mix at all. I couldn't travel on trains, buses, tubes, anything. I had ten jobs in six months — I just kept taking new ones to see if I could stick them out. My last job was on a farm. I liked that. I used to feed the chickens and it was really peaceful. But it was a long bus journey and the psychiatrist I was under withdrew my tranquilisers to see if I could manage without them and I just couldn't get there any more.

'So then I stayed in the house for several months. It was awful. I became scared stiff of my parents and kept the curtains drawn because I couldn't bear daylight. I came in here then.

'I don't like being here but I can't get home. There's no-one there all day. I'd be completely on my own and if there was no food in the house I wouldn't be able to go across the road and get some.

'I can talk to my Dad but I can't seem to get through to my Mum. I'll sit for hours explaining how I feel and then she'll just say something that goes against everything I've been trying to say. Last Thursday I went for her. She said I'll end up properly mad, I'll end up in the main block here. I can't bear people saying that to me. So I hit her about the head and my Dad had to pull me off. Now it's at the back of my mind all the time.

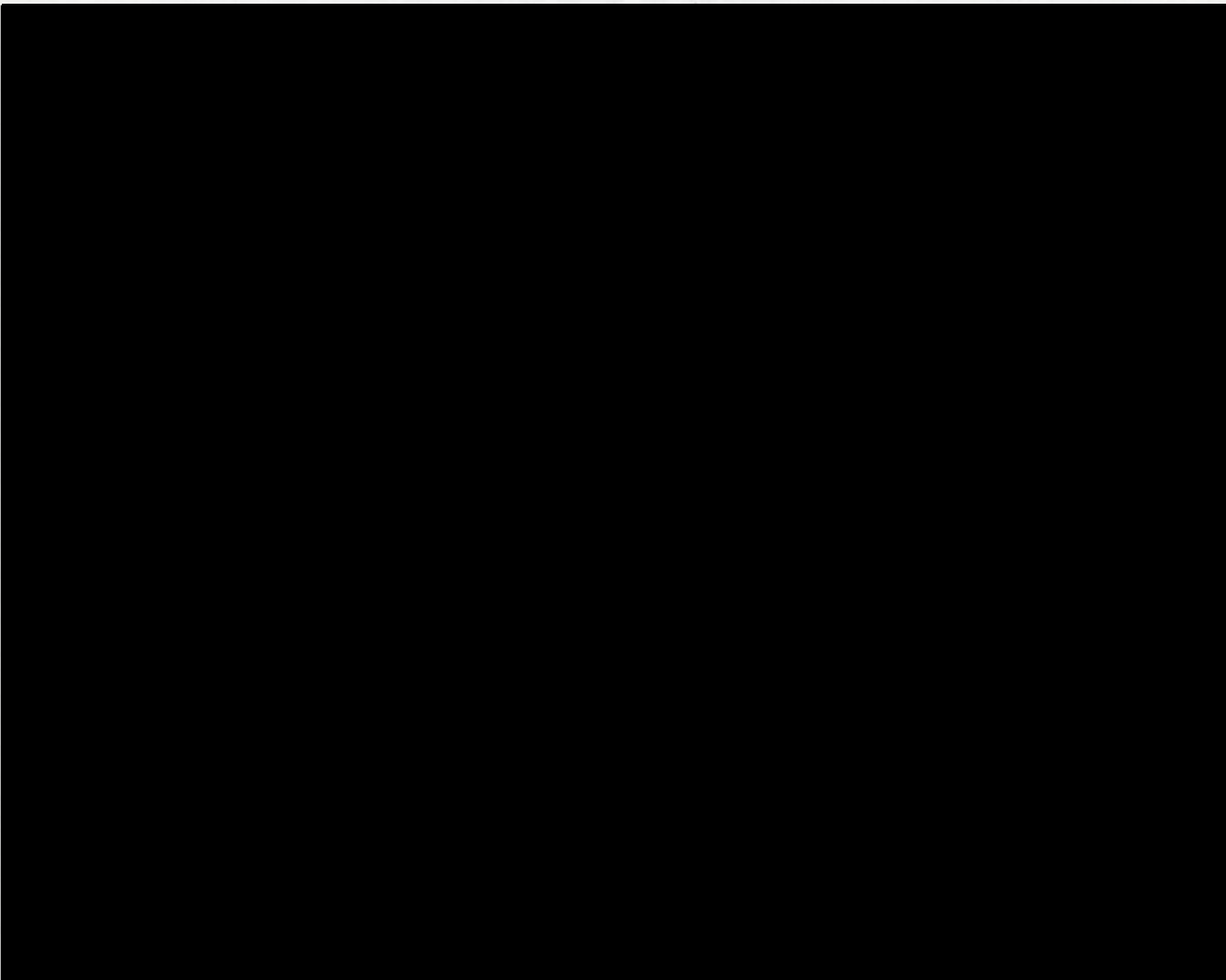
'We don't do much in here. I walk up and down the corridors or sit and think for hours on end till I get really depressed. If I need something from the shop at the gate I force myself to go out but I have to take a bag to grip on to and I feel really awful. I go for walks round the grounds with a girl here but only because she wants to, and because I can't tell her I'm terrified.

'I see a psychiatrist here, but only for a few minutes at a time. The other one I was under left suddenly. We didn't know he was moving. Quite honestly, I've been pushed around so much by psychiatrists that I couldn't care less about them any more.

'Apart from that we have meetings every day when we're meant to talk about our problems. Everyone sits round the room in silence at first. I don't talk much because once you've said what your problem is there isn't much else to say.

'I don't talk to anyone on the ward much. They're all older. One old woman just keeps muttering something about Chelsea Town Hall. It drives me mad. I can't seem to settle down here. Not like everyone else.

'I like art and I've thought about doing nursing or heavy work, like on the farm. But I don't think I'll ever get better. Sometimes I think I'm in here to get worse.'



Twelve years ago, when Mrs Vena Bubb was in her forties, she began to feel frightened and ill when she travelled on buses. She felt, she says 'as if I was going to drop'. Sometimes she was too scared to return, after lunch, to the toy factory where she worked.

Things grew worse when she found she was no longer able to shop in crowded streets. She had never heard of agoraphobia and thought she was going mad. Shame and bewilderment prevented her from telling her family. Then one day the doctor called to see her son. 'I followed him into the living room,' she says 'and said "Have you ever heard of anyone who can't get on buses?" And then the tears just came down.'

That doctor had never heard of such a thing and Mrs Bubb's condition worsened. For eight years she was totally housebound and at one time became so terrified of the outside world that she had to have the letter box muffled to prevent it rattling. A heart attack and an ensuing stay in a large London hospital was an added nightmare for Mrs Bubb. On her return home she became too frightened to stay on her own. The only place where she felt safe was sitting outside the flat in the side-car of her husband's motor-bike. Eventually Mr. Bubb had to take time off work to look after her. Telephone calls from members of The Open Door also helped her through some of the worst panics.

The housebound years ended for Mrs Bubb when her husband brought home a poodle puppy. 'I had to open the door to let her out and that was the beginning of it,' she explains.

Now she can venture out with Mr Bubb and enjoys riding in the motor cycle side-car. She can even walk alone along her

street in Acton, although she finds it easier under the cover of dark.

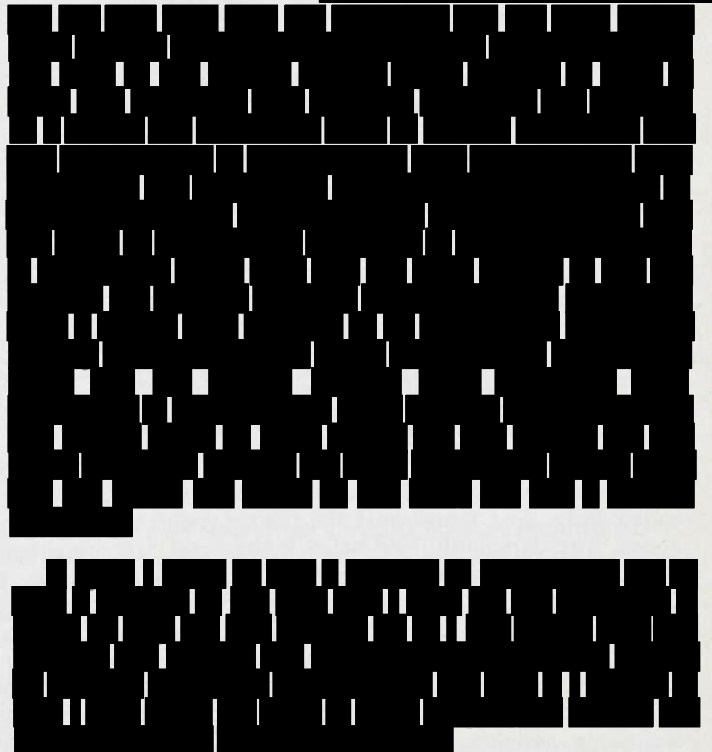
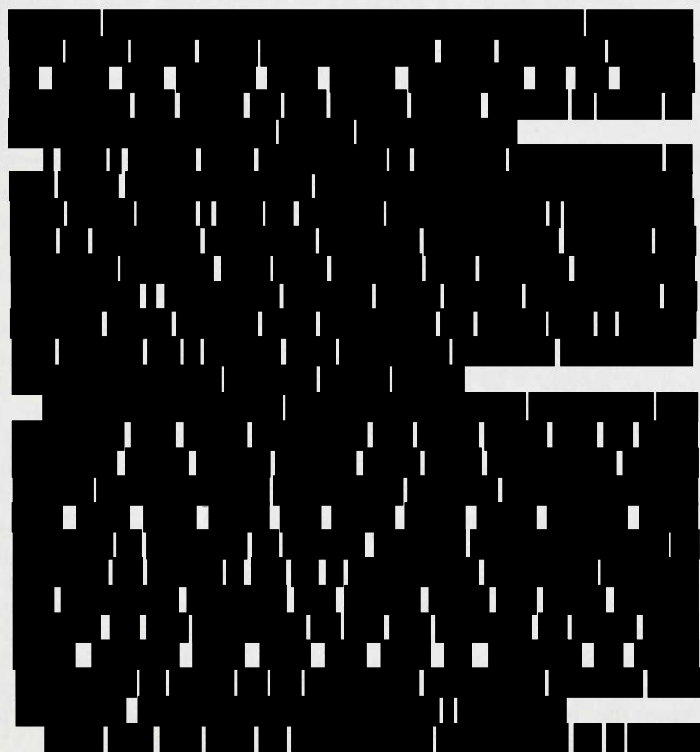
'We mustn't grumble. They say there's always someone worse off than yourself,' she says. 'Although it's awful sometimes if I'm out with George and we meet someone. They look at me and then they say to George "How is she today, better?" as if I'm a bit . . . you know.'

In many ways Mrs Bubb has come to terms with her situation. Her various hobbies — knitting, sewing and tow making keep her more than busy in her flat. As an area secretary for The Open Door she is in contact with other agoraphobics and enjoys the companionship of a shared problem. But there are still the many practical problems that have to be coped with. Over the years Mr Bubb has learnt to fit in the weekly shopping with his own working hours but there are difficulties over the hairdresser and the dentist.

'No-one knows why I've got agoraphobia,' says Mrs Bubb. 'They think it might be a shock I had in the past. It might be something to do with being brought up in a Doctor Barnardo's Home when I was a child. But I've never been a nervy type. The doctor even asked me if I was illegitimate. I said "Good Lord, no!"'

Perhaps because the 'nervy housewife' syndrome is so common in surgery waiting rooms, agoraphobics often receive scant sympathy and help from their local doctors. A survey among members of The Open Door showed that sufferers tended to have their fears explained away according to their age. If they were in their early twenties they were told 'sexual frustration — find a husband'; if they were aged between 36 and 65 it was 'The Change'. Yet

continued on page 24



Beauty & the Beasts

John Peel

Illustration by Alan Grimwood

It is only fair to warn you that you are reading the words of a man who has so far judged 5 beauty contests and intends to do so again if asked. In my own defence, I should point out that they were all fairly minor affairs — no Miss World nor even Miss Llanfairfechan — and that all the entrants seemed to be doing it voluntarily, with little prospect of being offered a round-the-world cruise with some leering judge or organizer.

It's most important that you realize that the post of beauty contest judge is not without its hazards. I'll tell you about my initiation into the dark, cruel world of the beauty contest and you'll see what I mean.

The setting was a crumbling, grubby Town Hall in West London where by the time I arrived, everyone was well on their way to a nasty attack of drunkenness. When I was told that there was to be a Rag King contest before the Rag Queen excitement, I should have reached for my hat and vanished. Naive as I was, I stayed.

It is tradition of these affairs that the panel of judges consists of the Mayor

got the Rag King contest underway when he fell on stage accompanied by the whoops and jeers of his friends, and tried to kiss all the judges. Naturally he wore a dress with socks thrust down the front and had lipstick smudged over his face. He seized the microphone from the compere — who was fairly drunk himself and who was, as always, a student noted for his sense of humour — and made a number of remarks of the 'Hello, dearies' and 'What are you doing after the party?' variety which were greeted with universal rejoicing. This splendid person was followed by five others who looked the same, said the same things and were equally well received. By now we judges were in mortal fear at the prospect of enraging the losers by picking a winner. By mutual consent and with a flash of Solomon-like wisdom, we announced that, so impressive were these six persons, they should all be Rag Kings.

Rag Queen Contest audiences are nothing if not partisan. Some of the ladies who stepped onstage to answer a series of absurd questions from the fun-loving compere — which were supposed to give us deep insight into their personalities and which, I suppose in a way did — were greeted inevitably with a hoarse cry of 'Get 'em off' from the assembled multi-

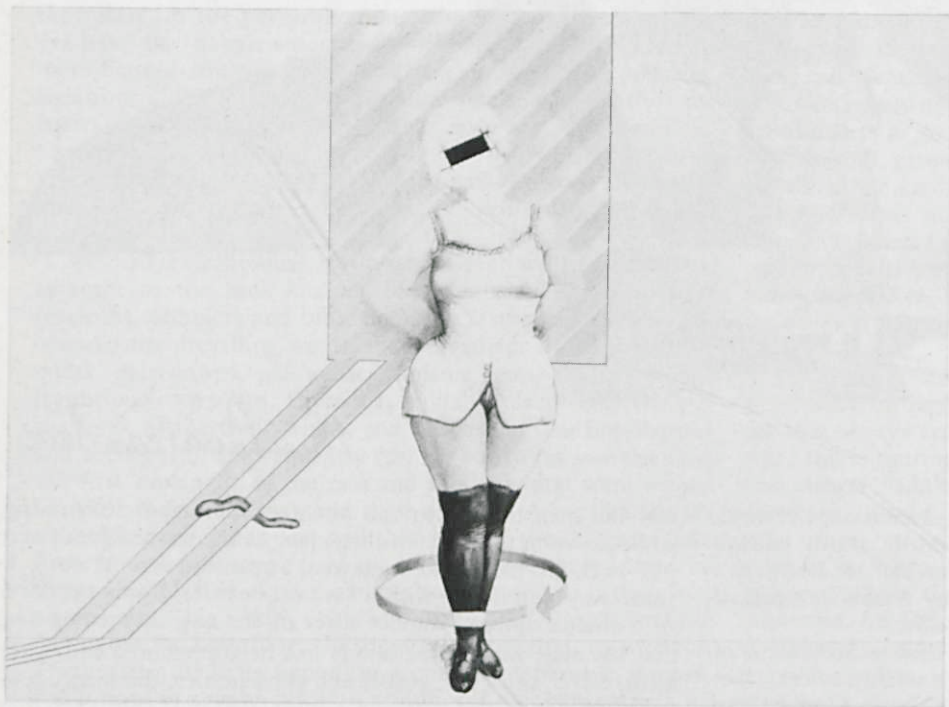
taffeta mini-skirt, she wore a simple, full-length dress she'd clearly made herself and the dignity with which she weathered the storm of abuse indicated the judicious pre-contest inhalation of certain substances. My heart warmed to her as the mayor, the beauty consultant and the air hostess wrinkled their noses in displeasure at the sight of this hippie spoil-sport and I gave her the maximum number of points. She was still unplaced and laughed while the results were being read out.

The winner was, inevitably, the lady with the most make-up and the biggest breasts and the crowd howled their approval. She didn't actually cry — a big disappointment — but played the cheeky Barbara Windsor role right through the award ceremony. She carried off her beauty kits and vouchers for make-up courses with the aplomb of a true champion and we judges left the stage with a song in our hearts.

Once backstage, we found ourselves plunged immediately into worse trouble than ever. We were called upon to discuss the affairs of the evening with the boy-friends of some of the unsuccessful candidates, whose drunken good nature had turned into naked aggression. Several of them had been Rag Kings and it was a genuinely frightening experience to be wedged into a corner by a host of large youths, wearing wigs and dresses, sporting gigantic and inaccurately placed breasts and several layers of brightly coloured lipstick. I eventually left the building through a window in the Gents and rode the tube home, firmly resolved never to do it again.

Needless to say, I have not held to my resolution although I have never been threatened with violence on such an epic scale at any similar event. Mind you, there was a Rag Queen struggle in East Anglia during which a certain Well Known Comedian grew dark and menacing when my refusal to adjust my points allocation deprived him of a night's amusement with one of the contestants who, he assured me, was 'a go-er'. In the Midlands, an MP attempted to persuade the air hostess, the mayor and me, to reverse our decision and give the crown of glory to a person with whom he fancied his chances. Then it was only firm adherence to principles, coupled with my announced intention of mentioning any such activity over the p.a., that saved the day for truth, beauty and honesty.

It's been well over a year since I was last asked to help with any sort of beauty contest. It's been over three years since I last opened a village fete. Either my status as a minor celebrity has slipped to the point where my position has been usurped by a jockey, a second-division footballer or a TV comedian from the 50s, or word has spread that I don't play the game according to the conventions. If anyone needs a beauty contest judge then I can be reached through this magazine. Even if none of the ladies offers me her firm, young body in return for my vote, I can still affect moral superiority and pretend to enjoy it as theatre.



and/or Mayoress, a local beauty consultant, an air hostess and a minor celebrity. My prolonged exposure to the seamier side of life has convinced me that, in the eyes of the vast majority of British males, the air hostess represents the Ultimate Woman. There was a time when I drove each weekend from Dallas, Texas to Kansas City — a distance of about 600 miles — in pursuit of a Braniff hostess called Judy, so I know what I'm talking about. The commonly held belief is that they lead ridiculously glamorous lives, spending much of their time in hotels, bars and cockpits and hugely exciting pilots and that they will ultimately marry an emigre Prince. That's what comes of believing the posters and TV advertisements. An extremely drunk rugby player

tude, followed by a torrent of extremely personal abuse which would have had me ducking for the wings in floods of tears.

By now it was becoming increasingly obvious that the Mayor was bitterly regretting the flattering remarks he'd made about 'his' students in the Rag magazine, while the beauty consultant and the air line hostess were realizing that the only thing they had in common with the contestants was the wearing of far too much make up. Following our earlier decision I gave each lady who tramped sheepishly on stage the same number of points — with one exception. The baying mob in front of the stage surpassed itself in its delivery of insults when the entrant from the Art school appeared. Renouncing the ubiquitous



And there's another side
 There have been endless
 interviews with prominent male
 figures engaged in the war in
 Northern Ireland. Very little
 attention has been paid to the
 women. Three women journalists
 who felt they must amend this,
 spoke to two Protestant, two
 Official IRA and two Provisional
 IRA women. As we go to press in
 July we don't know what will
 happen by the time this issue goes
 on sale, but these interviews are
 revealing whatever the outcome.

Alison Fell, a journalist and a member of women's liberation, went to Belfast to try to understand the situation of the women in Northern Ireland and to report their attitudes and reactions to the war. She spoke to Mrs Jean Moore, who has been chair woman of the LAW Women's Section since it was formed in January of this year. A tough capable woman in her early thirties, she combines her official responsibilities with the day-to-day chores of any working class mother. Jean Moore, housewife, spokeswoman, organiser. Since the beginning of this year the Vanguard movement in Northern Ireland has provided a political focus not only for traditional Orange bigotry but also for the Protestant working class, cutting across class, sex and age barriers to unite Loyalists under the twin banners of the Union Jack and the Ulster Cross. The numerical strength of the Vanguard lies in two overwhelmingly working class organisations, the Loyalist Association of Workers (LAW) and the Para-Military Ulster Defence Association (UDA), both of which now boast a flourishing women's section.

Alison Fell: What's the total of the female workforce of LAW?

Mrs Jean Moore: At the moment I have 9,680 members.

Are there any Catholic women in LAW?

There are a few Catholic women, yes.

What kind of work relationships are there between Loyalist women and Catholic women in mixed workplaces, presuming they do work together in certain areas?

Yes, well, Loyalist women are not against Catholic women.

The Loyalist women and the Loyalist men are against the IRA and the provisional terrorist, not against Catholic women. The Loyalist woman will not start a row or have a fracas with the woman next to her at work just because she's a Catholic. I dare say if the Catholic woman says anything to the Loyalist woman, the Loyalist women will answer her back; but its very slight, any difference or indifference that the Loyalist woman or the Catholic woman is supposed to have.

Do you think this true of all workplaces hospitals, shops?



I would say so, yes. The Loyalist women are not attackers, they are defenders.

What sort of issues do LAW women mobilise around in factories?

Well, they have to fight intimidation, and they do fight pay claims – like if they have to take a half day off work, and they're not paid for it, the firm is closed down – Roman Catholics have remained in the firm; they haven't done any work, but they've got paid for it, you know?

Do Catholic women come out in support?

We have Catholic members who have come out with us.

I meant Catholic women outside LAW – would they come out?

No.

Or would LAW women come out in support of any of their demands?

No.

So LAW women have never fought disputes alongside Catholic women?

No.

How do you see LAW women's role as a whole, within Vanguard?

At the moment we are helping our women to learn to drive – in the case of civil war we'll need as many drivers as possible. We're really working on the same scale as the UDA or the army – we have drivers, we have a few first aid units, skilled nurses and doctors – we've different ways of organising, you know. If a civil war comes, it doesn't mean everybody's going to run to the front line – there's going to have to be people left behind to organise children, old people, evacuation officers will put people into safe buildings, relief centres, things like that.

So people are really, seriously thinking in terms of civil war?

Well, I don't see how it can be avoided, the way things are going at the minute. William Whitelaw seems to be all appeasement, appeasement, peace at any price, and we will not accept peace at any price in Ulster, we'll die for our country. We're organising for a full scale civil war. We will organise in any way that the men see fit to deploy us.

I believe you're also organising telephonists in this event?

We're intending to put up our own TV circuit.

How will you manage that?

No comment on that.

What do you as a woman want for Northern Ireland?

Well, of course, I want a peaceful solution, but my main point is that I want the restoration of Stormont immediately. We had a democratically elected government taken away from us by a stroke of the pen by Ted Heath and we will not stop in Ulster – we will take it to Ted Heath's doorstep. And you see, if you look at the south of the border, it's an underdeveloped country compared to what we were. If we went back three or four years ago, I'd be quite happy and contented. I was born and raised in this street, I love every brick and paving stone in it – and quite seriously, I was quite content with Ulster the way it was.

The Republican movement talks of a united Ireland, and specifically a United Socialist Republic of Ireland. What's your reaction to that?

No United Ireland. Our forefathers fought and died for Ulster, and we will fight and die for Ulster – there will be no United Ireland.

But what of the socialism? It seems to me that the mass of Vanguard members, especially in the LAW, are working class...

They are working class, I stood as a working class candidate on bread and butter issues. But to me, socialism is connected with communism, and I don't want anything to do with that.

So you think that the system which Stormont administered is the best possible for Northern Ireland?

Now, we had the minority crying out that they couldn't get work, that the Loyalists were getting all the work. This was entirely wrong – because, say I wanted a housekeeper, and a Loyalist and a Roman Catholic came along, and the Roman Catholic was the more qualified and better for the job, I most certainly would employ the Roman Catholic. But we have an

awful percentage of Roman Catholics here who have ten, twelve or even fifteen or eighteen children, and they had no need to work because the social benefits they were getting were superior to a wage. We'd really like to see increased wages for all concerned, but the Roman Catholics are quite content to sit back and have a large family and take the free benefits, and yet they don't recognise the constitution of the country. I would also like to see the Roman Catholic people coming out and showing their loyalty to the constitution of the country. We hear there are moderate Roman Catholics, but I have yet to meet them, because if they were so moderate they would come out and show their loyalty by handing over the IRA and the provisional gunmen and the bombers.

Do you get support from any political groups in Britain?

I wouldn't know about that so much. There is one – what is it you call it – the National Front? I can't think of any others.

Alison also spoke to Mrs. Norma Cairnduff, Press Officer for the UDA Women's Branch. The Ulster Defence Association was formed as a policing organisation to defend Protestant areas in the face of disbandment of the B-Specials and the alleged incompetence of the Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC). In the last few months the UDA has grown too large – 43,000 men at the last count – to be considered merely a defensive force. Norma Cairnduff explains the extent of the involvement in UDA activities. The UDA as a whole have appeared very hostile to the RUC.

Decidedly so, with a lot of cause. We supported the RUC to the hilt in 1969, and they accepted our support, both in terms of arms and in hand to hand combat. Then, as soon as they didn't need us, they turned their back on us, remembered who had helped them, who had been equipped and advanced their careers by making arrests.

Do you have the same attitude to the British Army?

No, no. Our police force let us down, we've seen this, we can't deny it – we still hope about the British Army, we still hope that it will never be necessary to stand against them, because we are Loyalists. We have always been basically loyal to Her Majesty, we hope always to be, but our loyalty now is divided between Ulster and Britain – certainly Britain has made us second class citizens lately, there's no denying that.

In what way?

In that they wanted to govern us, but we weren't good enough for direct rule, we were only good enough for a Secretary of State – this has been the finish for the Ulster population.

Are you saying you think Britain wanted to get rid of you?

No, not that they wanted to get rid of us, but they didn't know what to do with us so they took the easiest way out – they didn't want to recognise us on an equal basis with someone living in Manchester or London, we weren't good enough for that – but on the other hand our government had caused too much bother, so it had to go.

Would you say that the women's section of the UDA played an active or a supportive role where the UDA men were concerned?

Active, yes, but not as active now as in the event of civil war – then we would be totally active, totally in line with UDA – in that event we would forget our sex.

What kind of training in what skills is given to UDA women?

I think at this stage I shouldn't really answer, other than to say, any thing the men can do, we can do if not better, then equally as well. If they're prepared to tell you what they're doing, you'll probably have a guide to what we're doing. We can stand shoulder to shoulder – that's all I'm prepared to say at the moment.

Is there training given in first aid?

A lot of the women are trained in first aid, a lot of women are trained in gun warfare and a few of them are trained in unarmed combat.

Is it in any way modelled on the IRA women's section?

Certainly not consciously. We do know what it takes to defend our country in the event of civil war, and we've gone out to acquire these skills. We certainly haven't reached the



Lower Lake, Killarney, Kerry



Cottage at Malin Head, Donegal

Photographs by courtesy of the Irish Tourist Board



stage where IRA women – and men as well – have no hesitation about jumping in a car with a bomb and going off and planting it somewhere. We hope that we would never get to that stage.

So it is only for the sake of your country that you would 'forget your sex'?

Only for that, yes. I would say that the Northern Ireland woman has remained a more maternal type of woman, a basically more homely type of woman.

Is there any direct precedent for UDA women – did it grow out of any already existing women's institution?

No, it grew out of bitterness and a sense of hopelessness, not a formal organisation of any kind. These are women who never associated with anything – a few of them may have been in the women's branch of the Orange Order, but it certainly didn't spring from anything existing.

Are there women who used to be in the Women's Action Committees in UDA?

There's quite a few, yes. There are a few who've had a military training of sorts, a previous training in weapons, and this has of course been an advantage to the rest of us.

Do you see Republican and Loyalist women having any meeting point?

Absolutely not.

What do you think of the groups like Women Together? (A social women's club)

It's rubbish for a start. It's basically a middle class or upper working class organisation which just hasn't worked. I've always got the name of being a member of the middle or upper working class, and I know the kind of women involved – I used to move in that set prior to 1969 – the majority of them went into Women Together. They are women who are used to tea parties and nothing more – it has never achieved anything, and it never will.

I've noticed on Loyalist parades some teenage girls marching in uniform – are they affiliated to UDA women?

They're juveniles, they're not really recognised as UDA as such – they don't receive any training. The children on the march, perhaps they feel their country's at stake and they can do their bit by marching – we wouldn't disown them, but they're not in the UDA. You see, children feel the need to march because they forget what it was like to lead a normal life – we remember at least that. We remember when you could go into town to shop and you would know that you were only going in to shop, not to lose a leg. These children don't remember that, they don't remember Hallowe'en. There are children of six and seven who don't remember a simple thing like Hallowe'en, because it hasn't been permitted since they were two or three. It's in simple things like this – how would English people feel if their child shouldn't have a cracker or some such thing on the 5th of November?

What kind of future would you as women want to see?

Just a normal kind of life, just to know that you can go out at night. Not to have to worry about your safety or the safety of your children – just a prior to 1969 situation, just a normal life.

Do you see woman's role changing in any way, would you want it to change?

Yes, I should like to see it change, I should like to see it change back to what we were before 1969 – just normal housewives. I myself have a profession, I've always thought it necessary for me to have an outside interest, but there are so many women who want their interest to be their home. I don't think the role of women is primarily in the home, unless she wants it to be. And there are lots of women who just want to be mothers and wives.

Would you support any of the demands that the women's movement in England is making, demands like equal pay?

I would say so, in equal jobs, I would say equal pay. I think the women in England are rather fanatic, but then I think it's because they haven't got a basic cause to follow, they haven't got anything that's as near to the heart as we have. Their very existence isn't at stake, so some of the ambitions I've heard are airy-fairy, they're non-realistic, they're silly, they're downright foolish. They're just women who think they've got a mission but aren't quite sure what it is.

And you feel the women here have? *We have a mission, very much so, yes.*



Noreen Taylor is an Irish journalist and a supporter of the Official IRA. In the following interviews she talks to Laura Glenn, vice chairwoman of the Derry Housing Committee and to Bernadette Maxwell, a woman volunteer.

Bernadette Maxwell is one of the few women volunteers in the Official IRA. She is a gutsy-looking blonde girl of about 20.

It's easy to see why she is chosen for risky operations, like the bank robbery in Moville, Eire, for which she and four colleagues are awaiting sentences.

The British Army's harassment doesn't scare her, in fact she thrives on it. She says she has learnt to match their streams of abuse word for word.

They are not her only enemies. Last week a group of Derry peace women threatened to burn her out of her home. She laughs that off.

'Those women never gave their support to the IRA from the beginning – so they are withdrawing nothing. I've lived in the Bogside all my life. When I left school I went to work in the local factory.

I lived the normal life of a working class girl on a council estate. But when the Army came in and I saw the way things were going I couldn't stand by any longer.

'You can't help getting involved in the struggle when you see fathers, boy friends and brothers dragged off in the middle of the night to torture chambers like the Hollywood Barracks. Most of the men who come out of there can never have sex again.

'My role in the movement is an activist one. I've learned how to handle and use arms. I don't have anything to do with the planning stages, sometimes I'm not even sure what the job is about. But I never think twice about going.

'At this stage, it's felt that I need some education on the political side so I've started reading Connolly. There are a few other girls in the movement, but we don't have anything to do with each other. We don't have a females together thing.

'I'm a bit bored at the moment, just sitting around the house waiting to hear if I'm going to jail or not. It wasn't one of our successful raids. We got caught by the Gardai with the money – £4,000 – on us on the way out of the bank.

If I was asked to tar and feather someone, well I'd do it. The only thing that gets hurt is the person's pride, and believe me, half those who have been tarred and feathered I think should have been shot. These girls are not punished for nothing. It's well known that the Army gives £5 for every name received, and for any Irish girl to give her menfolk away like that tarring and feathering is too good.

If I go to jail now it still won't matter. There are others to take my place, and when I get out I'll start again. Only next time I'll be much stronger. I don't think any of us can turn back now.

Laura Glenn is 25 and married with four children. The eldest is five. She is vice chair woman of the Derry housing action committee and a supporter of the Official IRA.

I'm hopeless at politics. It isn't a thing I was ever interested in. In fact, when the Civil Rights marches began, I didn't know what they were about. Then one day I looked out of the factory window when I heard screaming and saw the water cannon. Our manager came running up and said: 'What are all you girls doing here? Get out and do something'. So I did.

After that, I started attending meetings. I suppose we all woke up at that time. Before all this began in the Sixties, there were no houses at all for Catholics. In the street where I lived nearly every house had five or six kids in it as well as a married son or daughter . . . and maybe their kids too. Then you'd go into a Protestant area and see all those nice houses with just two or three people living in them. As children, that really used to puzzle us.

Around here most of the men have been unemployed for so long that they have forgotten how to work. They've even



stopped looking. The only ones who do look are the school leavers and those just paid off.

There is work for the women in the shirt factories, but that's all.

Before the barricades went up the raids were terrible. The Army would come in shooting gas everywhere to keep us indoors while they took the men away. Then everybody decided that it couldn't go on, so the next time they came they had a fight on their hands, and they went back without anyone.

So that's why we started building barricades. I remember the day the soldiers tried to take them down. It was sweltering hot and as they pulled them down we'd put them up further down the road. The children danced round them laughing and one woman went and poured a whole jug of orange juice at their feet. They gave up in the end. They couldn't take us all on. The people were making fun of them.

God, those days were a nightmare. You'd look down in Derry City at night and see nothing but buildings ablaze. There are no riots like that now.

I really feel sorry for the kids in the Creggan. They go to school here. Play here. Sleep here. They never go anywhere outside because it's too risky. They have nothing — no playgrounds, no zoo, no cinemas, nothing. And when they play the game is always the same: the British Army versus the IRA. When they grow up they are not going to be stood on as easy as our parents were.

My mother and father had three children. When my grandmother died the bailiffs threw us all into the streets. It was an ex-serviceman's house in my grandmother's name. My parents had to go to a workhouse and we were put into a home. The house was given to a Protestant couple. That was in the Fifties.

I belong to the Derry housing action committee because that's how I got my own house. My children were in a home as well because we had nowhere to live. We help people to find houses, advise them about their rights on social security, housing lists, rents and so on.

They come to us because we're like them. We are not snooty officials behind a screen.

I've changed a lot, I suppose, these past two years. I'm no longer as blinded by the Church as I was. I think things out for myself now. I've crammed a lot of education into a few years.

If this ever comes to an end, then I'd still like to stay in the Creggan. It would be nice to get it cleaned up and get a community centre built, somewhere everyone could meet.

People here are never lonely because they've been thrown together so much. We are all very close and there is always somebody popping in to see you. If you need help you don't have to shout far. Maybe some good has come out of it all.



'I lived in Belfast most of my life and I accepted it as I accepted I was born. 10 years ago I was doing Senior (GCE's). Everyday I went to a small catholic girl's convent in the outskirts of Belfast. The nuns taught us a lot about God and Ireland. We argued and prayed and sang. And thought maybe one day we'd go to St Mary's Training College, or Queen's University of maybe even get married. Go to Dublin or England.

'10 years ago, Ian Paisley was puffing red faced orange men to hope in the Ulster Hall. Eamonn McCann, a schoolgirl pin-up, was shouting his mouth off about Queen's. Mr Faulkner, then minister of Home Affairs, continued quietly to forget about Catholics on Housing Lists. Life in Belfast would continue much as ever. So we thought. . .'

Ann McFarren was born and brought up in Belfast. She has recently been working in England as a TV researcher but has now quit her job to return to Belfast. In the following interviews she talks to two Catholic women.

Free Andy Town sits at the foot of a mountain. Of course it's not really free but they'd like to think it was. In one little council house looking like any other lives Mary O'Hare. If she'd informed on half the men who've sat drinking tea in her little front room she'd be rich and living in America or else

riddled with bullets. She's got long black hair and she listens with her eyes as you talk to her. Outside the sun shines and the children play in the broken glass and rubbish. The army will come later that night. Like they came last night and the night before. And the Saracen armoured cars will see the kids home from school.

The room is small and hot. A large TV sits in one corner. An inscribed picture of the heros of 1916 hangs over the mantle piece.

'I suppose you'd really like an interview with MacStioffan? That'd be a real scoop for you'.

She looks at me pityingly. 'You know it's all very well for them sitting in Dublin telling us what to do here in Andersonstown. But it's us that gets the saracens every night.'

As if to illustrate her point there is a comotion at the bottom of the road. Two men leap out of the back door and over the fence.

Had she met MacStioffan?

Well, I shouldn't really be telling you this, but, yes, he has slept here the odd time.

Mary is married with two little boys. You don't ask what her husband does, though he comes home from work every day regularly at 5 p.m. Today his tea is ready on the table. She ignores him and smokes another cigarette.

'He'll give you a lift when you want to go, though maybe you should stay tonight. There should be some trouble up here. You'd see a thing or two. Have you ever seen a gun battle. Do you see that child. . .' She points at a ten year old swinging on the garden gate, 'Woke up the other night with a soldier pointing a rifle at his head. 'Where's your Dad', the soldier says. What kind of life is that for a wee boy? And his Mammy had her brother shot before her own eyes. And the priest gave her a long lecture saying he was a communist'.

'I've no time for those priests. Father O'Sullivan came round here the other day to try and get me to sign a peace petition. What have the priests ever done for me? You see them driving around in their great cortina cars and stuffing themselves in hotels. It's a bottle of whisky a day. And they try and tell us what to do!'

She takes out her husband's empty plate.

'You know the woman who was putting together the peace petition. She was in with the parish priest and he was in with old Willy Whitwash. A month later she'd moved to a £12,000 house in Malone Park.'

'Why did you ever go to London' she asks me, 'Do you not like Ireland? My sister lives in London. I stay with her occasionally, but I'd hate to live there. Don't you get lonely. The people are so unfriendly. On this estate we're in and out of each other's houses all the time'.

'It wasn't always that friendly', interrupts Bill, her husband, 'before the trouble started we didn't know that many people round here'.

Mary laughs 'It's desperate to say this, but we've had more good laughs since the troubles started. God forgive me for saying this with those men dying and them'ems in Long Kesh'.

'We women used to look after the safety of the area, you know. We used to give the soldiers a terrible time. Have you heard of the duck patrol? Those are the soldiers who try and creep up on you when you are tired at about 5 in the morning. They used to signal to each other by making a noise like a duck. As soon as we heard this we'd whistle to our own men. Then we'd go into our houses and bring out record players and play fenian records. I remember once, there was this soldier, he was only a wee lad, about 18, and I practically tripped him over. I blew my whistle and started singing a rebel song. He was real mad that I'd seen him. But then he started to tap his foot and do a wee jig. If one of his officers had seen him he'd have been on the next bus to Long Kesh.'

Bill goes out of the room and returns a few minutes later with another man. They are carrying a huge celtic cross. It is a highly polished affair with many names inscribed on it.

'Do you see what they were doing in Long Kesh. That must have taken a terribly long time'.

We all examine it. Bill looks quite pleased. 'They want to raffle it for Tessie O'Kane', he says, 'Her husband was shot down as he was walking innocently along the road, you know.'

continued on page 26

The Visions of Mother Ann

Sheila Rowbotham

Mother Ann, prophet and female messiah, was a member of the strange religious group, the Shakers, who went to America and founded communities there in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

She was born, Ann Less, on 29th February 1736. Her father was a Manchester blacksmith. Ann received no schooling but worked in a cotton factory, then as a cutter of hatter's fur and finally as a cook in the Manchester Infirmary. When she was 23 in 1758 she met the Shakers. They were a small group who believed that the end of the world was near. They had broken-off from the Quakers, who in the civil war had also been possessed by spirits, but as time went on prospered, and were less influenced by divine inspiration. The Shakers had no formal worship except the confession of sins. They would sit in silent meditation, then begin to tremble in indignation against sin. Finally their bodies would shake and they would shout and sing and jostle one and other, jump and walk the floor 'swiftly passing and repassing, like clouds agitated by a mighty wind'.

Four years after Ann joined the Shakers she married a blacksmith, Abraham Standley. She had four children but they all died. Childbirth in those days was dangerous and infant mortality high. Her last child had to be delivered with forceps, and afterwards she lay for several hours as if dead. She was already on bad terms with her husband, who drank a lot and mistreated her; this possibly explains her decision, after this difficult pregnancy, never to have sexual intercourse again.

She felt an overwhelming sense of guilt and suffered greatly, 'labouring in the works of God'. And it was through this travail that she was reborn.

'In my travail and tribulation, my sufferings were so great that my flesh consumed my bones, and bloody sweat pressed through the pores of my skin, and I became as helpless as an infant. And when I was brought through, and born into the spiritual kingdom, I was like an infant just born into the world. Infants see colours and objects but they know not what they see; and so it was with me when I was born into the spiritual world. But before I was twenty-four hours old I saw, and knew what I saw'.

The Shakers believed that Christ would come again as a woman and saw Ann's rebirth as a sign that she had purified herself through suffering and was a vehicle for the divine female spirit. Ann became leader of the society - 'Mother Spirit in Christ, an emanation from the Eternal Mother'. She heard confessions. Many of her ideas were common sensical and humane, 'Do all your work as though you had a thousand years to live, and as though you were going to die tomorrow',

'little children are innocent, and they should never be brought out of it . . . never speak to them in a passion, it will put devils in them'. But the shouting, jumping and dancing of the Shakers upset the neighbours and authorities and Ann was sent to jail in 1770 for Sabbath breaking. In jail she had a vision of Adam and Eve having sexual intercourse, the root of sin, and cried out against the 'fleshly lusts which war against the soul'. She insisted upon celibacy for the Shakers from then on.

Again, in 1773 she was fined for sabbath breaking and imprisoned for non-payment of the fines. So, in 1774 she set off with her husband and a small group of followers to emigrate to America. Like many other immigrants from religious and political persecution, America seemed to be the promised land for the Shakers. She knew by revelation 'that God had a chosen people in America'. She 'saw a large tree, every leaf of which shone with such brightness as made it

appear like a burning torch, representing the Church of Christ, which will yet be established in this land'.

But the Shakers' troubles from the worldly authority were not over. Their critics accused Mother Ann and the Shakers of drunkenness, of dancing in bed and waking up the neighbours for a mile around, 'hooting and tooting like owls'. The Shakers dismissed these accusations as the misrepresentation of the 'vulgar and ignorant'. They faced other trials, the economic hardship of their early settlements and the problems of celibacy. Mother Ann's husband left her for another woman.

The visions and spirit possession of Ann Lee and the belief in a female messiah were not new. They had appeared before in the middle ages, and

were frequent during the civil war. More prophetesses and involved 'mothers' followed her, heralding the millenium and promising deliverance. Sometimes the social content in their opinions was very clear, prophets and prophetesses were seeing a mystical world they had no means of translating into reality. At other times the visions were essentially personal. In the eighteenth century the prospect of social change was faint, and hopes for heaven on earth were subdued or expressed as inward enthusiasm.

The pattern of Ann Lee's travail, possession and ecstasy is similar to that of more recent prophetesses, sometimes called shamans whose experiences are described by I.M. Lewis 'Ecstasiz Religion' (Pelican, 1971). He suggests that young brides concerned about fertility and barren women have been particularly prone to possession, and that the role of shaman or prophetess is a means by which women assert their spiritual significance in societies where they are excluded from political power and social recognition.



Women's Industrial Union

by Jane Hewland

'Women workers have some silly little problems. Like I've seen women in tears because the foreman's spoken disrespectfully to them. And the shop stewards — men shop stewards — would never do anything about it. Far as they were concerned it was just a bunch of crying women.' It was this lack of sensitivity to the special needs of women in industry that drove Pat Sturdy, a 40-year-old shop steward from the North Lancs industrial town of Burnley, to opt out of organised trade unionism. Instead, she mustered the support among women at the electrical engineering plant where she worked to start the Womens Industrial Union, the first and only trade union in Britain to be run for and by women workers. That was last May. Now 14 months later the union is to be disbanded. If their bid to join the giant AUEW is accepted, the members will move back into the trade union Establishment.

What does Pat think of the experiment? Was it a success? If so, why are the women abandoning it now? She was certainly fighting incredible odds when she first announced the WIU. The established union at the plant was even more hostile than the management. She was sent to Coventry by the shop stewards. Called everything from anarchist breakaway to reactionary. She had no funds, no contacts. But she was hampered most of all, she says, by her ignorance of 'the way things work'. She was forced to swot up economics and the background of the trade union movement in the local library. 'I was ploughing through these books on the history of capitalism,' she says. 'It got a bit boring going it on my own and I was getting invitations to conferences and things now I was a trade union leader. So I went along to a few. It's amazing how much you can learn.'

Pat keeps being amazed at how much her involvement in industrial politics has taught her.

'Women never even think about that sort of thing. It's only when you start to learn that you realise how ignorant you are.'

Pat steadily built up the WIU to a membership of over 200;

ten-p-a-month membership of the WIU than from 20 years loyalty to other unions.

The Women's Industrial Union was open in principle to women workers in any industry or service.

Pat dreamed of recruiting members from Liverpool, Birmingham, London. But the union never did get beyond Burnley or even beyond the factory where it started. 'We never had the funds. That was our biggest mistake. Trying to go it without financial support. I reckon we'd have made a go of it otherwise.'

It wasn't for want of trying. Pat turned up at a nearby plant where there were 200 machinists without union representation. A hundred of them applied to join her on the spot. They were fed up with having to go to toilets across the road because their own weren't fit to use. They were fed up with losing money because of inefficient piece-work arrangements.

They were thrilled to think someone would help them fight for a better deal.

But — 'We don't need a union here. We're a happy little factory,' said the works manager. Pat argued him into inviting her back. But when she did return three weeks later things had changed. The girls had been invited in twos into the manager's office and given to understand they wouldn't be able to work part-time anymore if they joined a union. Most were married and depended on flexible hours. 'So we'd lost them. They just didn't want to know us any more', says Pat.

'Oh we had plenty of letters from women up and down the country who were interested in us. But it was always just the odd one or two in a factory.'

You can't make a union work without proper support.

It was the failure to create wider support that made Pat ask the engineering workers union, the AEU, to take the WIU under its wing, even though by then she had won the fight to get her union registered with the TUC.

But Pat doesn't regard the merger as a failure. 'It's a step forward. If we're going to



make the necessary impact on women we've got to have backing.

The AEU will give us that, I think, because we could be very useful to them.

There are so many women in engineering work who've never thought of joining a union. 'Oh I'm not joining. What'd they ever do for you,' they say. They'd be in like a shot if they thought there was someone prepared to fight for them.'

'You know over the last twelve months there's been a new awareness in the big trade unions of the importance of their women members. Could be the Equal Pay Act that's done it. And the women workers themselves. We're seen sixteen and seventeen-year-olds keen to join us.

I think there's going to be a breakthrough for women in industry.

'And I think the men'll back us. Whenever I've won fights I've had men come up and say 'Good for you'. If they've not taken us seriously till now I think it's because we've left it all up to them. Once we start fighting for ourselves we can only gain respect.'

'When I founded the WIU I never meant it to be separate from or against men workers. We were to negotiate on the problems that bother women — nurseries, welfare committees to help unmarried mothers. But we'd be behind the men on national negotiations over pay, hours, holidays. I hope it can still work out something like that.'

Briant Colour: workers work-in



Workers at Briant Colour Printers marching from Temple to Clerkenwell Green on Saturday, July 15, to protest against the liquidation of their factory. The 150 workers are staging a work-in and have produced a paper 'BCP Workers News' with the following appeal:

'We are fighting for our rights — the right to work. We cannot all be rich, and unfortunately we cannot live on fresh air, this is why we are making this stand. There are about 30 women workers, most of them in one union chapel. Most people are under the impression that women are conservative in their attitudes, and are not interested in Unions and militant struggle. There has never been any problem here. All the women are active union-members. We hope to have your wholehearted support and fight with us until we have our jobs back again.'

Could anyone who can, send support and money to: Briant Colour Printing, Joint Chapels Fund, 651 Old Kent Road, SE15.

Apologies

In issue one of Spare Rib we printed a letter from Alice Hemming. This letter was originally published in greater length in Women Speaking.

The Happy Go Lucky Abortionist. The name of the organisation run by Kay Day and referred to in the article as the British Pregnancy Advisory Service is in fact called the

Mersey side Pregnancy Advisory Service. The Pregnancy Advisory Service Liverpool is run by Mrs. Sheila Johnson.

STOP PRESS

The Claimants Union first national campaign — to demand an end to the Co-habitation Rule, culminating on August 25.

Loo wreckers

Rosemary Stacey

Two of the west country's stately homes are fighting a losing battle against the public. The scene of this modern day affray is not the ramparts, but in the toilets; and despite efforts by staff, the public are winning hands down.

At Doddington House near Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, the comptroller Mr P W Amphlett explained that the loos had been especially designed to combat vandalism. Despite this 1 in 5 toilets are smashed each year. Soap dishes are ripped from the walls, toilet chains stolen, the incinerator and hot air dryer were smashed within days of installation. Women bring screw drivers and remove coat hooks, door handles and any thing else not actually padlocked to the walls. The terrible fact is that women are by far the worst offenders. Mr Amphlett says that first thing in the mornings the toilets are sparkling clean, but by mid-day to use his own words, 'It looks as if a herd of cows had used them.' What ever happened to the old motto, 'Please leave this toilet as you would like to find it?'

The administrator at Longleat House near Warminster in Wiltshire, is considering employing attendants as this would cost considerably less than paying to repair damage done by vandals. He also states that the women outstrip the men for ingenuity, theft and graffiti. In one day 26 basin plugs were stolen; light bulbs, toilet rolls and tissues, they all disappear. The roller towel holders are padlocked, but enterprising

women simply whip out their nail scissors and cut down the towels to take home.

The writing on the walls has to be seen to be believed, especially in the women's toilets, although this is removed wherever possible. Lipstick on the mirrors and pen and pencil on the walls. Doddington House did more or less eliminate this particular problem by using a special vinyl wall covering which is resistant to literary efforts. They also put all their lighting behind grills, in the ceiling.

Blocked and over flowing toilets are a constant source of trouble, and never a day passes without vehement complaints about them. The administrator of Longleat House said, 'I just wish people would tell us before the damage goes too far.'

Better deal

Legislation is on the way to give married women a better deal in the event of a divorce or separation. Instead of the father automatically retaining legal custody of children unless a special court order is made, mothers will now have equal claim to their children. Bygone laws like the fact that a passport for child can only be signed by the father are also on the way out.



"Quiet darlings we just have to do Hampton Court, then we can go home."

The most confusing fact to have emerged from the struggle for women's liberation is that although women have cut themselves a larger slice of the educational cake, their share in top jobs remains unchanged. This has become clear from the evidence given by witnesses to a Select Committee of the House of Lords. In the Parliamentary session which ended this month (August) our legislators have not so much forgotten the Anti-Discrimination Bill as stifled themselves with too much knowledge about it. When the Bill, which against all expectation was given a second reading the Lords in March, the Ministers in the Lords, knowing that there was no time for a private Member's Bill to pass through both Houses, decided to call witnesses to a Select Committee. Their comments on the Bill can do no more than provide a bank of information to be drawn upon next time a Member of either House introduces an Anti-Discrimination Bill. The Committee was formed, and has been meeting on occasional Tuesdays since June. Its chairman is Lord Royle, a white-haired Labour peer, who acts as if he had spent a lifetime holding the ring on such committees. There are also Baroness Seear, a Liberal and an economist, asking weighty factual questions; Baroness Summerskill, the former Labour Minister, endlessly talkative, peppering the proceedings with anecdotes of her own; Lord Gardiner, Labour's Lord Chancellor, with his judicial cross-questioning, forcing civil servants to admit the folly of a policy and Baroness Dacre, blonde, elegant and silent, moving an enormous diamond engagement ring from one hand to the other.

«Discriminate»

Christine Eade

Everyone is very polite. They sit in the Moses Room, with two electric fans whirring to give the impression of a colonial courtroom. Behind them is a mural of Moses, bringing down the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai, with another mural on their right of Daniel giving judgement. Beneath these pictures of male superiority, the witnesses give evidence: deaconesses drone about their lack of advancement in the Church and psychologists speak of the earliest conditioning which turns a schoolgirl's attention towards being a wife and a mother.

The first witnesses came from the Department of Employment. They were forced by Lord Gardiner to admit that there was nothing the Department could do to prevent medical schools from operating a quota system for admitting women — restricting their numbers to about 20 per cent — while having no restrictions on men. Lord Gardiner said that the only way for a woman to overcome this was to sue the medical school — a course unlikely to be taken by a school leaver.

Clause four of the Bill says: 'It shall be unlawful for any person or body to discriminate against any person seeking to obtain training or education for which he or she is qualified or suited.'

A few weeks later, when Lord Gardiner questioned Dr Shore, principal medical officer of the

Department of Health, about this discrimination, she said that the intake of women into medical schools was going up 'quite sharply' by one percent a year. She said that in some provincial schools the figure was as high as forty per cent. Yet in written evidence which the Department gave to the Committee, it was seen that 14 per cent of hospital doctors were women and 12.2% of general practitioners were women. Only 7.3% of dentists were women, and there were only 16 women taking up the newly created post of social services director for local authorities, out of a total of 173.

80% of Russian doctors are women and 70% of Danish dentists are women. No one explained satisfactorily the decline of the percentage between women medical students and women doctors.

'The Russians have to recognise that women are, at the same time, potential mothers,' pointed out Lady Summerskill. The permanent under secretary at the Department, Mr Salter, replied: 'In 1966, we did encourage hospital authorities to provide day nurseries for all sorts of women staff who would otherwise find difficulty in coming into employment. We put a slight restriction on them. We said: 'You must only do it where it is economic to do it.' Because sometimes, you can provide a day nursery at considerable cost and staff it with quite a lot of people, then

only collect two or three extra people on your nursing staff and perhaps one or two extra doctors.'

Written evidence from the Department of Education said that educational standards among girls had developed more rapidly in recent years than among boys.

It is noteworthy that women entrants to advanced further education, where women's participation has been least, have increased fourfold, whereas numbers of women entering universities and colleges of education have more than doubled.'

The school statistics gave weight to the statement by showing that in 10 years, the number of girls taking Advanced Levels had increased by 168.2%, compared with 79.5% for boys for the same period. The number of women at university also rose — but less rapidly than the 'A' level passes — from 26.9% of all students to 31.9%. But once at university, according to the figures, ambition must have deserted the women, marriage engulfed them or prejudice thwarted them, for only 11% of university teachers are women. Forty-five women stand at the apex of the educational structure as full professors — out of a total of 30,000. Lady Seear, the sponsor of the Bill, said: 'The number of 'A' levels is not really significant.

What is significant is

whether the girls with B 'A' level grades were equally successful in getting university places as boys similarly qualified.'

She said that it meant nothing that 63% of boys with two 'A' levels and 65% of girls with two 'A' levels got into university, as fewer girls applied. When the research group from Political and Economic Planning were asked for their opinion of the Bill they said that it did not strike strongly enough at less obvious discrimination, but they welcomed the idea of setting up an Anti-Discrimination Board, as laid down in the Bill.

'If employers do not adapt their employment practices to women's career pattern and life timetable, or even if they tolerate the sort of invisible bias against women which seems to operate in the case of university chairs, the reason is not necessarily prejudice or ill-will,' said the written memorandum from PEP. 'The impression from PEP's studies is at least as much that employers have not thought about the matter at all or are waiting for someone else to make the first move.'

The group recommended that the Industrial Relations Act should have its powers extended so that the Commission on Industrial Relations should deal with cases of sex discrimination.

The PEP point that employers did not adapt themselves was considered by Baroness Macleod, widow of Iain Macleod, onetime Chancellor of the Exchequer, to apply equally to the women themselves. She said that Lord Hall, the former chairman of the Post Office, had told her of three women who had been selected head of their regions, and each one had turned down the job.

'He felt that the only reason that could be possible was that the women themselves did not feel that they matched up to being top people,' said Lady Macleod.

Dr Robert Rapoport, one of the authors of the PEP memorandum, and co-director of the Institute of Family and Environmental Research, replied that it was a wide-spread phenomenon. Institutes were structured so that they placed a greater burden on women, by

not giving them help to combine domestic and professional duties.

'The other reason,' said Dr Rapoport, 'is that we are at a particular historical point at which women have not been encouraged to take this sort of job.'

The educational system and the picture presented to women through the mass media and insidious ways, do not present women with a picture of themselves leading organisations.

He added that when the opportunity came a woman would be

reminded of early conditioning. His wife and co-director, Dr Rhona Rapoport, said that it began at primary school when boys were taken to the Science Museum and girls to the Victoria and Albert.

It was all an area too vague to be made rational by legislation. But the Committee did at least uncover one law which discriminated explicitly against men. Under the 1951 Midwives Act, it is illegal for a man to train or practice as a midwife. The Anti-Discrimination Bill would put an end to that too.

Christine Eade is a political correspondent for the Guardian.

america

their most successful campaigns depend on the use of women's bodies. So, NOW set about producing some ads to try and counteract the ones put out by the ad. council. One features a line drawing of a male executive holding his pants above his knees. The headline reads 'Hire Him, He's got great legs'. The copy added 'If women thought this way about men, they would be awfully silly. When men think this way about men, they're awfully silly too...' Another ad. in the series shows a photo of a baby, with the headline 'This normal, healthy baby was a handicap. She was born female'. Needless to say the ad. council didn't take any of these stands for equality too kindly!



Sexist hiring

Newsweek charged with sexist hiring second complaint by 50 women

Fifty women, editorial employees of the American magazine Newsweek, have launched a second wave of attacks against the sexist employment practices of the magazine, which is owned by the Washington Post. The complaint, filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) charges that Newsweek had made only 'token alterations' as a result of a complaint filed with the EEOC almost two years ago. The negotiations resulting from that first complaint produced a situation where 'sex discrimination at the magazine remains substantially unchanged.'

The women charged that the Newsweek management had refused to discuss 'when and if ever a woman will become a senior editor' and that it had hired only four women in the

He's got great legs

There's a battle in the offing between the American Advertising Council and the National Organisation of Women (NOW). The council views the women as a nasty threat to their ultra-lucrative way of life. The women view the council as a bunch of male-chauvinists who are way behind the times.

About five months ago NOW approached the council to request their assistance in a campaign to improve the image of women. Predictably, the ad. council was not too pleased, as

past two years while hiring more than double that number of men. Only five of the magazine's 41 writers are women and although the magazine promised to hire men as researchers, (the lowest editorial position), right now only 7 out of 40 researchers are men.

No better at Readers Digest

To the average American it may be just the clerical department of the Reader's Digest. But to some women who work there, it's 'The Pits' - a place where clerical workers, almost all of them women, are not permitted to speak and must raise their hand to go to the washroom.

Eighteen women employees have filed a suit with the EEOC charging the magazine with sex discrimination in its hiring and pay policies. In Manhattan, Associate Editor Pat Tarnawsky said that the staff is more than 70% female 'and the company usually hires inexperienced women at low salaries. All-male departments, like the Reader's Digest Press, hire experienced editors at higher pay. Even when moved to 'integrated' departments, the women, with their lower starting base, never catch up.'

groups

Uncareers

Jackie Nunn

Uncareers is an information service, for anyone interested in the idea that work can be engaged in for its own sake, to become an involvement and a way of life, rather than your routine existence between 9 and 5.

Ann Link spent some time working with the Cyrenian Community in Oxford. The Cyrenians, an offshoot of the Sinan Community run residential homes and shelters for vagrants, alcoholics and so on.

Later it seemed clear that although many people are interested in work outside the conventional employment pattern, information on the enormous variety of people, projects and places which might be of help was often hard to come by. So the first 'Directory of Alternative Work' was little more than a sheet of details on a few projects then known to Ann and friends.

Obviously this filled a gap - Uncareers has been growing ever since. There have been representatives at universities, colleges and conferences

Stronghold of Machismo

Like other Latin American countries, Brazil is a stronghold of machismo, the syndrome that says a man must be a he man and the boss.

But last month more than 100 women attended a feminist conference held in Miguel Pereira, a small town near Rio de Janeiro, chosen because its top officials - mayor, judge, notary public, school superintendent and postmaster - are all women. A situation which the local residents say simply 'happened' and provided the background for the Mayor, Aristolina Almeida, to declare 'We're not thinking in terms of emancipation but rather participation.'

Younger delegates disagreed. Maria de Lourdes Alves, 28, a professor at the University of Velenca, observed 'We didn't come here to talk about lunches and old people. What this congress should do is show Brazilian women how to develop their potential instead of helping perpetuate a system that says women should be protected.'

Divorce and abortion are illegal in Brazil.

factors in common are: firstly, that none of these working situations will offer easy, pre-determined roles - personality and initiative are the determining factors, and secondly, they all demand commitment and a lot of hard work.

Response from individuals and from the projects included shows that some people have found a meaningful alternative to stereotyped working situations through the Directory.

Equally important though, is Uncareers' function as an information pool on what has already been achieved by people working. As a catalysing force it should be of interest to anyone already thinking out her own alternatives.

Comments, suggestions, to Ann Link, Uncareers, 298B Pershore Road, Birmingham 5. The 'Directory of Alternative Work' from the same place costs 20 pence.

«Doting Daughters»

Roxane Arnold

If there is a household job to be done, society still looks to our women to do it. If that job consists of looking after an elderly or infirm person at home, more often than not that job falls to a woman - usually the youngest unmarried daughter or the only daughter in the family - even if it means her giving up her paid employment.

There are some 250,000 single women in Britain who have to care for elderly or infirm dependants in the home. They are virtually unrecognized in all national and local government planning. The National Council for the Single Woman and her Dependants was formed a few years ago to get recognition for them, and to see that their special needs are met as far as is humanly possible.

The aim of the National Council is to further social conditions, which will enable a woman to keep up her own work or profession, even though she has an infirm person at home needing care. At the moment the council is concerned with rights of occupation in the home.

For instance, some local authorities will allow a widow to remain as a council house tenant, when the husband dies, but not an unmarried daughter when a parent dies, even though the daughter may have spent many long years looking after, and even giving up work to care for that parent. On an intestacy, the home may have to be sold up for division of the estate among all the children of the deceased - those who have left home, married and got homes of their own, and the one who has stayed at home to do the caring. So she is left homeless. A similar situation can arise under a will. The National Council wants the daughter who has stayed at home to have the right to stay there for the rest of her life.

The National Council has some thirty branches run by volunteers throughout the United Kingdom. They arrange mutual self-help such as sitter-in services, to allow a daughter to have a night out, or a day off; they advise on local facilities and arrange social events suited to these families.

For the women who have had to give up work for home caring, there is the great problem of loneliness. To mitigate this, the National Council distributes a bi-monthly newsletter, runs a Pen-Friends Club, forms more and more branches to help with social contacts, and organises social events.

Wherever a problem arises, affecting these families, the National Council does its best to tackle it. The address is: 166 Victoria Street, London SW1 (01-828 5511). Minimum subscription for women who have never married, and who have or have lost the care of a dependant 25p per annum, 50p for all others.



Williams

Senior Citizens

Housing

Joan Woolcombe

It's everybody's problem, sooner or later that they have to find a home for retirement in the housing jungle of today. Whether it is for independence without isolation — or, for someone older, the care and help needed in sheltered accommodation.

But, whether you are a young married couple with loved parents to worry about or yourself looking forward to retirement, it's never too soon to start finding out possibilities — and impossibilities.

Here, first, is the practical information you need to start searching for the flat, or bungalow for a happy retirement, and to beat the waiting lists.

The statistics are terrifying — eight million men and women of retirement age and over, increasing daily by over 1,000 so that by 1980 they may well be ten or eleven million — and they all have to live somewhere suitable — and these statistics are people, humans; here are some of them.

Young, Mrs D., mother of two small children living in a Council flat, said to me: 'Since Dad died, mother has lived quite alone in that flat that is too big and too expensive and too far from us. Even if she would live with us, we just haven't the room. We want to find her a nice little place near here, ground floor because of her arthritis, how do we start to look?'

Then a friend, working full-

time in London, is worried about her aunt, who has a crippled leg after an accident and now cannot live alone safely in her cottage and do for herself, let alone get out for the shopping. 'Now, at last she accepts this and wants to find somewhere where she can have her own things, but where some of the shopping and perhaps the main meal will be done for her — with a resident housekeeper to call on. We just don't know where to look.'

There were answers to both these problems. Where to look and what action to take: First, there are really three 'areas of search' you can explore:—

'Official housing' — at its best,

very good. Council Houses, flats, grouped bungalows with a resident warden but, there will be a queue and it's never too soon to register for accommodation. The new and expanding towns are making homes available, smaller, for parents of young couples migrating there. Action needed is to go and see or write to your Local Authority's Housing Manager and find out what is being done. And here are some of the answers to some problems:—

Grouped bungalows with gardens: linked by telephone to a resident warden in County Durham. Grouped bungalows with a warden's block, communal kitchen and communal laundry at Harlesdon in Norfolk and flats specially designed for ease and safety of older people at Diss, in the same County. In London, overlooking Little Venice bed-sittingrooms of modern design for retired rehoused people on ground and lower ground floors of Warick Estate, large estate for people all ages. At Luton a block of flats for older people connected by bell system with Warden. At Putney, bedsitting rooms at low rents for Wandsworth citizens.

People count! Mrs S., aged 69, showed me round her ground floor flat in the GLC's Warwick Estate, which when complete will house 1,300 families and where the elderly tenants are in no way segregated but part of a community. Mrs S. had been rehoused, thankfully escaping from a squalid upstairs room in a tenement house. She has a bad leg and now all on one floor, enjoys her modern bedsitting-room, bathroom, kitchen, ample cupboards and view onto the garden behind. The young woman Welfare Officer has got her affairs in order, laid on a Home Help and dealt with a rent allowance from Home Security, Mrs S. told me.

It is not 'roses all the way' and, in respect of these particular flats the GLC tell me applications must go through your local Council — and of course, there are waiting lists.

Probably your best 'area of search' is into the massive contribution made by members of the National Federation of Housing Associations, 86 Strand, London WC2, and the Housing Corporation, Sloane Sq. House, London SW1, re-

spectively. There are over 1,900 Housing Associations of which at least a third are wholly concerned with building suitable homes for older people, mainly flats, flat-lets and bungalows. They are non-profit making. The Housing Corporation was set up to promote the work of Housing Societies which provide cost rent or co-ownership homes: it has 472 branches for the former and 699 for the latter. Co-ownership specially helps older people who, because of their age, find it difficult to get mortgages if they want to buy. It's worth finding out how you can thus combine the advantages of ownership and tenancy with security. Get in touch with the Headquarters of both these organisations remembering that you must deal with your local branch about accommodation.

Action is really a determined effort to find out from all these people what there is. It is worth the effort.

What sort of accommodation and where, taken at random: Flats for the elderly at Rogate in Sussex

Cottages and houses for older people at Dibleys in Berkshire Enterprise House purpose-built modern flats for retired professional people at Chingford, with all amenities. 112 Kings Head Hill, Chingford, London E.4.*

Mutual Households Association, 41 Kingsway, London WC2, which converts stately Homes into apartments and for people with some capital and income offers all-in charges and complete service and food, trouble free, allied to country life.

WRVS Housing: 17 Old Park Lane, London W1, very active for retired people. Flats at Painters' Field near Winchester, some for older people and Country Club near Newhaven, a residential club among other developments.

The Hanover Housing Association, 168D High St, Egham, Surrey, which has provided hundreds of 'units' of accommodation for older people all over the country.

Then, Although money alone does not guarantee the right sort of home, the lack of means is a worry and can be helped. Among others, these excellent organisations exist to help.

The Fellowship Houses Trust, Clockhouse, Byfleet, Wey-



Joan Woolcombe —(journalist) campaigning for old people's rights.

bridge, Surrey, whose cost of accommodation is geared to those with little more, if any, than their retirement pensions. RUKBA (Royal United Kingdom Beneficent Association), 13 Bedford St. London WC2, is famous for helping those who want to remain in their homes and has its own accommodation, too.

The S.O.S. Society, 14 Culford Gdns, London SW3 — as its name implies, can give advice help and it has its own accommodation.

The DGAA (Distressed Gentlefolks' Aid Association), Vicarage Gate House, London W8, can be asked for advice and help.

The Abbeyfield Society, 22 Nottingham Place, London W1, is one to remember perhaps most of all. All over the country they maintain houses for elderly people in which there are self contained bed-sitting rooms, with a warden who can supply the main meal. Get list from headquarters in London but you MUST deal with local branch.

Finally, as the demand grows the number of hotels, private houses and country clubs that cater expressly for retired and older people is growing. Men or women or married couples become permanent residents and can nearly always take some of their furniture with them. There is often a SRN in charge and everything laid on for older people. The charges are too expensive for those living on a pension and vary from around £12 to £30 or so a week or more. It is perhaps repetition, but it's never too soon to start enquiries — for someone you love or in the longer distance, yourself.

We have further addresses of helpful societies and organisations and lists of hotels and private houses suitable for old people. If any one would like further details please write to Spare Rib, 9 Newburgh St, London W1A 4XS enclosing an s.a.e.

Court to caravan

Twenty Cardiganshire magistrates have given £80 towards the cost of a £1,200 caravan for homeless ex-prisoners and their families. The caravan is let rent-free until the ex-prisoner finds work. After that he starts paying rent. When he finds a permanent home he moves out and leaves the caravan for the next one.

Give farm girls a chance

Following the miner's successful wage claim earlier this year, the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers decided the time was right for them to make a wage claim. Great on the surface, the men will be agitating for a well deserved £25 a week; but will the women be granted equal pay for equal work? It has so far not been mentioned.

In May a brand new wages structure came into force for farm employees. A long overdue face lift for the industry was introduced to convey a more educated image than the straw-sucking yokel of previous years. Proficiency tests have been set up to enable workers to qualify for craftsmen and craftswomen status on which higher earnings are based.

The only snag is that the women workers take the same tests, reaching the same standards of proficiency only to be paid £3.56 a week less, with the added insult of receiving 12½p per hour less overtime. It is about time the

image got a real face-lift, with equal pay for both men and women who are doing an equally arduous job out in all weathers. Rosemary Stacey

Housewives storm police cordon

We've all heard of people 'storming through police cordons'. Usually it's students, demonstrators or football fans. But housewives? Yes, sister. It's happened. Mind you, the odds were on the side of the housewives. There were only four policemen with linked arms struggling to block the way into the town hall at Pentre in the Rhondda. And there were more than 100 angry housewives struggling to get in to complain about the lack of facilities on the Penrhys housing estate.

The police lost out. Or gave up. Or something. Anyway, 18 of the demonstrators got inside and made their complaints. They asked for a chemist shop, a creche and a library for the estate. Latest news from the

home front. Limited progress was being made. And casualties? A few bumps and scrapes on both sides, but nothing serious.

Help the aged

Ann Davies of Llanishen, Cardiff runs a private nursing agency and offers an extra service which is believed to be unique. For a nominal charge of £1 a week she will telephone old people left alone at regular intervals to make sure they are all right. If no reply is received within 15 minutes she despatches a nurse to check up on them.

But not all old people are as fortunate as those living around Cardiff. There are 8 million pensioners living in this country and only two million of them are on the phone. To try and remedy this a campaign has been organised to provide telephones for the aged: anyone who would like to contribute please make cheques etc payable to Help The Aged and send them to The Telephones for the Aged Appeal, Barclays Bank Ltd, 1 Pall Mall East, London SW1.

Yevtushenko in concert with Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti and Wilbur

Recorded in New York and San Francisco, 'Yevtushenko' features the Russian poet reading his major works 'Babi Yar' and 'The City of Yes and The City of No', along with a new poem 'Bombs for Balalaikas'. An impassioned horrified declaration, dedicated to the memory of the secretary killed in the fire bombing of Sol Hurok's office.

Also featured on this memorable recording are Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Richard Wilbur.



Yevtushenko
Two major poetry
recitals on  Records

Too Often, the Fear of Embarrassment can Overcome the Fear of Pregnancy

You probably know something about birth control. You also know that, especially if you are unmarried, it can be very important to you. But although knowing is important, finding out can be very difficult.

So why not come and see us at the Marie Stopes Memorial Centre.

The services we offer include:—

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Or, if you are too shy to come in person, order condoms and spermicides through the post.

For further information and appointment, phone

**THE MARIE STOPES
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108 WHITFIELD STREET, LONDON W.1
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Agoraphobia

continued from page 7

a handful of psychiatrists are interested in agoraphobia and treatment is available at some hospitals. The commonest and most successful form of treatment at present is desensitisation, where patients, in a relaxed state, are gradually led through the hierarchy of their fears. But this is only available to about 20% of the agoraphobic population.

Other treatments include flooding, where patients are made to experience their fears for as long and as vividly as possible, psychotherapy, hypnosis and various drug treatments. Success rates vary widely and only 20% of The Open Door members feel they have been greatly helped by treatment. A major problem for many sufferers is how to travel to hospital to receive treatment. In some cases the strain and tension of the journey can completely undermine the effects of ensuing treatment. Little is understood about the root causes of agoraphobia. Some psychiatrists see it as a question of 'bad learning' and consider that sufferers have simply learnt the wrong responses to certain situations. But it is known that agoraphobia is commonly linked to a general state of anxiety and that the first panic can often be triggered off by some trivial incident acting as the final straw on a burden of stress.

Shock plays some part in those cases of agoraphobia which develop shortly after some traumatic incident such as a bereavement or a miscarriage, and it is thought that many other cases may be, less obviously, a result of delayed shock.

'I personally feel that emotional insecurity plays an important part,' says Vanna Gothard. 'I'm just a layman so I'm only guessing, but I feel that on the whole agoraphobics tend to be people who feel things deeply, even silly things like a sad film or a play. They can't just brush it off like other people would. It stays inside them. So agoraphobia might be a sort of retreat from a world which is, for them, too hard and cruel.'

Many sufferers have managed to fight their own way through their fears and self-help remains, at present, one of the most hopeful roads to recovery.

The method depends on the individual. For Stephen Lyman-Dixon it was a question of 'accepting the panics as the rushes of adrenelin they really are and then learning to live within my limits as an agoraphobic.' Vanna Gothard thought things through and told herself firmly, 'there's nothing out there that stops you going out, so it must be something within you' and from then on began to slowly extend her personal boundaries.

For many people the various phobic organisations provide a welcome source of comfort and support. The first club, The Open Door, was started six years ago from the hundreds of letters which flooded in after a radio talk on agoraphobia. Since then other bodies, both public and private, have started up. Their approaches are different but they share a common aim — to get more research, more medical and social (mobile clinics, home helps etc.) help for agoraphobics while at the same time providing support and understanding for sufferers.

Newsletters, telephone calls and personal contacts all play their part in keeping members informed about new research, ideas and treatments and most counties in Britain have at least one person acting as a representative for one of the organisations. Tales of success and 'handy hints' are often exchanged, leading in one case to the creation of the mythical 'Aggie Phobic', an unfortunate lady who can only venture out in daylight when fully equipped with all her 'aggie' props — a shopping trolley on wheels, dark glasses, an umbrella, a dog on a lead, a bag to fumble in, a drop of the hard stuff, strong peppermints, tranquilisers and smelling salts.

'Oh life isn't all gloom and despondancy for agoraphobics,' says Vanna Gothard. 'We organise outings which people can go on if they feel like it. One day there was a trip to the coast but because people felt they couldn't bear all that waiting around in traffic jams, they decided to go at night. I wasn't with them, but they told me about it afterwards. There they all were, sitting on the beach in the middle of the night wondering how on earth they were going to explain themselves if a policeman came along. And they knew that if they were locked up for the night they wouldn't have been able to face leaving their

cells in the morning!'

Anxiety and Neurosis Foundation of Great Britain: Concerned with all phobic and anxiety states. Publishes investigations into every aspect of welfare and treatment. Pressing for home dental treatment, home employment, government action and the setting up of self-help centres. Run by controlled agoraphobic Keith Harrison, 109, Sheen Court, Richmond, Surrey.

The Phobic Trust: A registered charity set up to help phobic sufferers and press for more research into phobias and to raise money for research. Runs a newsletter and has nearly fifty area organisers. Eventually aims to have social clubs all over the country. Run by controlled agoraphobic Mrs Vanna Gothard, 51 Northwood Avenue, Purley, Surrey, CR2 2ER. Tel. 01-660 0332

The Open Door: A private organisation for all phobic sufferers. Has a lengthy newsletter written by members which discusses practical problems, treatments, research. Has over fifty area secretaries. Run by controlled agoraphobic Mrs Alice Neville, 4 Manorbrook, Blackheath, London S.E.3. Tel. 01-852 8651

Classifieds

■ **Public Schools Liberation.** . . During the summer vacation is when all dissenting 'A' level candidates have left and can do something to justify their school career. If you want to organise some form of protest or are IN ANY WAY INTERESTED or CONCERNED with conditions in public schools. PLEASE write at once to:— Public Schools Lib., 'Children's Rights', 5 Stewarts Grove, London S.W.3. (Including names of suitable friends at other schools.)

■ **Interior Design** — Alternative employment or part-time career? Our home study course on interior design leading to the Diploma will give you all the information necessary to pursue this fascinating, rewarding career. Prospectus from Dept. SR, Rhodex International, Rhodex House, Yelverton, Devon, PL20 6DY. or telephone 082-285-2764, Accredited by the Council for the Accreditation of Correspondence Colleges.

■ **SAPPHO MAGAZINE** exclusively for Women Who Else? Written by homosexual women for ALL women. Monthly 30 inc post. BCM Petrel, London, WC1.

■ Anyone interested in joining new Womens Liberation group in Shepherds Bush area contact Barbara, 20B Batoum Gardens, W.6. or phone Sue 492-1804

■ **SAPPHO MEETINGS** 1st Monday every month. 7.30 pm, Upstairs room Museum Tavern, Museum St. WC1.

■ **Nutcracker Health Foods Restaurant**, 17 Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone, E.11. Open 9 a.m. — 6 p.m. Monday — Saturday. Eat Naturally at Nutcracker!

■ **Second hand books** good clean condition. Old time/modern. Cluer, Blackwater, Cornwall.

■ **Spare Rib's Advertising Manager** badly needs self-contained flat for self and Man. £10.00 per week maximum — part furnished or unfurnished. If you can help, please phone Marion 01-437 2070.

■ **CONTACTS UNLIMITED.** The dating service that always pays personal attention to selecting dates that really appreciate you and your scene. Free questionnaire 01-437 7121 (24 hrs), or 2 Gt. Marlborough St., W1.

■ **Jumble book record sale** for Street Aid, Sat 2nd Sept. 1 pm. 2p entrance 13 Shelton St WC2 or phone Maria 240-1714.

■ **Gay Women's Liberation Group** meets every Wednesday 7.30pm. For venue phone GLF office: 01-837 7174; Women's Liberation Workshop: 01-437 6118; or Gillian & Julia: 01-837 4502. Also, discussions, meetings and social activities.

■ **Help** — free pregnancy testing; abortion/contraception/VD advice. Contact: Help, 10 South Wharf Road, London W2. 01-402 5231.

■ **KERNOW KONTAK** is your opportunity to meet new and interesting people of both sexes, all ages. Send now for free details: Box No. 32.

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Continuation Story

By Judith Harris illustrations by Liz Kneen



In the first issue of Spare RIB we published a story To Be Continued. . . Lots of people sent in possible endings, most of them, to our astonishment, killing off the heroine. We were tempted to write our own saga on The Daily Death of Molly Spinnot. Sorry to those who sent in continuations that weren't used and to the writers of those published below, £5 is on its way to you. Briefly, the story so far: Molly Spinnot, an elderly spinster, is relaxing in her garden when she hears footsteps coming up the normally deserted lane to her cottage. To her surprise, her visitor is an escaped convict. Delighted to see any one not from the welfare, she invites him into her home. They are just settling down to a drink when a car is heard in the lane. They both leap up in fright. Who is it? What has the convict done?

Molly shuffled to the window, twitched back the lace curtain and tried to make out the cause of movement behind the hedge. Two seconds later a black form appeared by the gate.

'I should get the self to bed' said Molly, turning to James, 'and stay there 'til I get rid of this one.' She took a deep breath and held herself erect, resolute in her new role of protector.

James lost no time in making for the staircase; he leapt up two steps at a time, holding his pyjamas at the knees, like a lady hitching up a long skirt. Molly noticed a flash of greyish pink ankle disappear only a moment before a tall, sepulchral form entered, hands clasped before and head bowed to avoid a low beam. As the figure raised its head it said, 'May I introduce myself . . . the Reverend Te Deum, M. A. Cantab., B.D., the new incumbent at St. Odrun's.' Molly's upper lip quivered. 'And what are you doing here?' she asked, eyeing him with suspicion.

The priest fidgeted under her gaze looking ridiculous, if Molly had had a sense of humour at that moment to appreciate it, dangling his prayerbook from its red satin marker. He cleared his throat preparatory to an explanation of his arrival but was arrested mid-breath by a crash overhead. A cat appeared from nowhere, streaked towards the open door and through the legs of the unwelcome guest, who, convinced he had stumbled into a mad house reached for the sofa arm and sank back, only to be impaled upon one of Molly's knitting needles. He let out an agonised gasp, moved forward to pick up the prayer book he had let fall, and slid along the sofa, his knees tight together, bearing witness to injury in a sensitive spot. As he raised his eyes wondering whether to make a start for the door he saw Molly, calm and aloof, her grey hair speckled with a fall of flakey paint, like confetti.

'As I was saying,' she continued, either from delicacy or disinterest avoiding mention of the priest's bruised parts, 'why the honour of a visit from the Church after all this time?' She cast her mind back to a time ten years earlier when, with great reluctance, she had bowed to village ceremonial in letting the dead Nedrick be buried in St. Odrun's graveyard. Had she not been so upset at the time she would have dug deep into the compost heap and buried him there herself. Much more homely. The marrows would have come on a treat. She was brought back to the present by the priest's hesitant explanation of his presence.

'Being the new incumbent at St. Odrun's, I felt it was one

of my first duties to visit the elderly ladies of this parish.'

'Oh, you did, did you,' said Molly, 'the last one was just the same, always dropping round and wanting tea or supper, then, just as you were pouring out or serving up he'd mention the Hereafter and inquire as to what provisions you had made. I can tell you of at least 20 roast chickens that ended up on the floor and twice as many tea pots broken because that man would mention the life to come. Why, poor little Miss Sparrow never recovered from the visit she received on moving into the parish. She just faded away, so they say, Oh, he was a right one . . . preferred cremation because he could get more to the acre that way. . . He'd been a farmer before. . .'

'Miss Spinnot,' the priest began, in a tone of voice designed to have the same effect as a soothing stroke of the hand, 'these things must be faced up to. . .'

'Oh, you're just like the rest. But I've got something to tell you that will get you thumbing through that prayer book of yours . . . there's no such thing as death, and I've got living proof!' These last words were uttered in a hoarse but jubilant whisper right next to the priest's ear. He sat bolt upright, his hand involuntarily drawn to his throat. A second thud upstairs set him all a-quiver. With a false calm he flicked through his prayer book until he found the service for exorcism.

'Come upstairs,' said Molly, grabbing him by the hand, 'come and meet Nedrick.'

At the top of the stairs she led him into a small bedroom which contained little besides one enormous and half collapsed brass bedstead. The angle of the bed was such that the inmate lay there with one arm out of the bed clothes and hooked around the ornate bed-head to stop himself from falling out. But for this arm nothing more could be seen of James.

'Come on out Nedrick' ordered Molly, placing heavy emphasis on the name Nedrick.

The bed clothes heaved, the springs creaked and two eyes appeared above the wrinkled ranges of blankets.

With a leap the Reverend Te Deum was on the bed, wrenching the bedclothes back.

'Rape', screeched Molly.

The scene that followed left Molly in little doubt that she was now as much in the dark as the Reverend Te Deum had been in the last half-hour.

'It's you James' exclaimed the Reverend. 'Well I never, what a place to find you.'

And since when have you joined the Ministry,' asked James,

tugging irreverently at Te Deum's dog collar.

'I picked it up at a dry cleaner's, I mean, you can't get far in a pair of Her Majesty's Prison pyjama's. In fact this outfit has done me proud over the last twelve hours, it's provided me with an entree into all the best houses hereabouts.'

'But how did you know I was here,' asked James, concerned least his presence be widely known.

'I didn't,' the priest replied, 'in fact, believe it or not I was looking for my next meal.'

All this time Molly was standing, white as a sheet, wondering what on earth she was to do with two criminals under her roof. Who could she say they were if the Welfare Man came?

Her thoughts were interrupted by James who said, 'What do you say to a little wedding ceremony seeing as we have a priest here who will oblige...'

'Oh-h-h-h...' said Molly, quite overcome.

James slithered out of bed, hopped over to the window and picked a rose from the climbing rose outside. Kissing Molly on the cheek he stuck it behind her ear. Molly glowed with pleasure. The incestuous wedding took place, punctuated by gusts of laughter.

'I bet Nedrick's having a good laugh' she said.

'I could do with a meal,' said the priest.

'You're welcome,' said Molly, 'if you can keep off the Hereafter!'

And what happened after that? Well, not even the Bishop could get to the root of the sudden appearance of Te Deum and his popularity in the village. Molly primed him well in the art of pleasant conversation and many a happy hour was spent by the parishioners of St. Odrun's listening to tales of petty criminality over hot buttered scones. Finally the Bishop was forced to pronounce Te Deum 'a very blessed servant of the Lord, with deep insight into human frailty... a messenger from God to lighten our darkness.'

So the Reverend enjoyed a full, happy and well-fed existence, fulfilling his pastoral duties with vigour and humour. And what of James and Molly? They lived happily ever after thanks to the Welfare Man, who as a PR stunt paid Nedrick twice the normal pension for making the statement that Heaven had fewer benefits than the Welfare.

Now Molly's ears were good; she had heard the gennelmunn's footsteps at a distance. But no car could she hear. 'Well, you hide dear. I'll go and see who it is. It's probably the man from the Welfare, I'll soon get rid of 'im.'

She went to the wall and peered over from between the hollyhocks. There was no car. She looked up the lane; no car could be seen.

'I thought there wasn't no car,' she said aloud, 'He must be nervy, bein' on the run like he is.' And she returned to the house to reassure her unexpected guest.

Meanwhile, having lied to Molly about the car so that she would go and look for it, the gentlemanly escaped convict slipped to the bottom of the garden and climbed over the wall.

He landed in a wood which skirted farmers' fields. As he strode purposefully on through the silver birches he congratulated himself on getting out of a tricky situation. You never knew what a potty old girl like that could get up to.

He came to the end of the wood and climbed the fence into a narrow lane. Rounding the bend he walked straight into the arms of Constable Higgins, who had been specially detailed to patrol this stretch of country in the search for the escaped convict. The capture marked a turning point in Constable Higgins' career; within three months he was promoted to sergeant.

Molly Spinnot did not hear of her 'gennelmunn's' re-arrest until the following Monday, when she went to do her shopping in the village store.

'Quite near your place he was found,' said the

grocer's daughter, wide-eyed. 'You ought to get one of them chain-locks.'

Molly said nothing about meeting the wanted man. She always had been one to keep her own counsel.

Back home, she brushed Nedrick's clothes and arranged them neatly in the wardrobe.

'Shame he didn't stay and let me help him, this suit of Nedrick's would fit him nice.'

Jean Thompson

Ireland continued:

Will you organise the tickets, Mary? Would you like one?'

'Ah, get on, what'd she be doing with the cross sitting on her window sill in London. They'd think she was mad.'

Judith McGoffin lives in the sort of house you would find in any student city in England. It's all books, posters and records. Though if you look more closely, you'll see they are of specialised variety. Lenin in Ireland, the 1916 poster.

Judith was brought up a Catholic, the daughter of a middle class bank manager. She went to boarding school and to Queen's University where she studied English, French and Scholastic Philosophy. There are two kinds of philosophy at Queen's; ordinary philosophy for protestants and scholastic for catholics. This is to help catholics with their 'doubts'. Doubts are treated like period pains. They come about once a month. Sometimes they can be pretty bad but they pass.

While she was at university Judith knocked around with a witty anarchist called John McGoffin, whom she later married. John read a lot, talked, debated, and in 1968 became one of the leading figures in people's democracy, the student movement for civil rights in Northern Ireland. In 1971, towards the end of August he found himself interned along with many others.

'John didn't have such a bad time. The first 48 hours were pretty terrible. You know lights and all that. But there was plenty that was much worse. I expect you've read all about it in the papers.'

'Just before Christmas was a really bad time. They seemed to be taking every one in. There seemed to be no end to it all. It was desperate. You could only visit once a week'. She laughed. 'At least they were all up there. All your friends, Some of our friends came out the other day, so we celebrated. But John was still in there.'

What did Judith do while her husband was in Long Kesh?

'I didn't have much time to think about it. All these people kept arriving from London and places to see me. I thought if another journalist asks me another question I'll go mad. But it was the tourist revolutionaries that really drove me wild. O, they were all well meaning, but kept on thinking that Northern Ireland was a trendy place to be. They hadn't a clue.'

She shrugged her shoulders. *'At one time my house was just a crash pad for people hoping to see a revolution in action.'*

'May be I was selfish to turn people away, but we've lived in Ireland all our lives and it really wasn't how they wanted it to be. It's not all great talk of the Revolution. There have been too many terrible things happening to people.'

'Do you know that when John last went to London he went to this party and there were all these women almost begging him to go to bed with him because he came from Northern Ireland and had been interned. Honest to God, no English girl ever looked at him at Queen's.'

Was it true that John had asked Brian Faulkner to let him out of Long Kesh so he could pay of his mortgage?

'Sure, that's the kind of language that Mr Faulkner understands. And he did let him out.'

It's five to midnight and we turn on the news.

'A man was shot at ...

'70 more internees released from ...

'A body was found in ...

'In Dublin it was said that ...

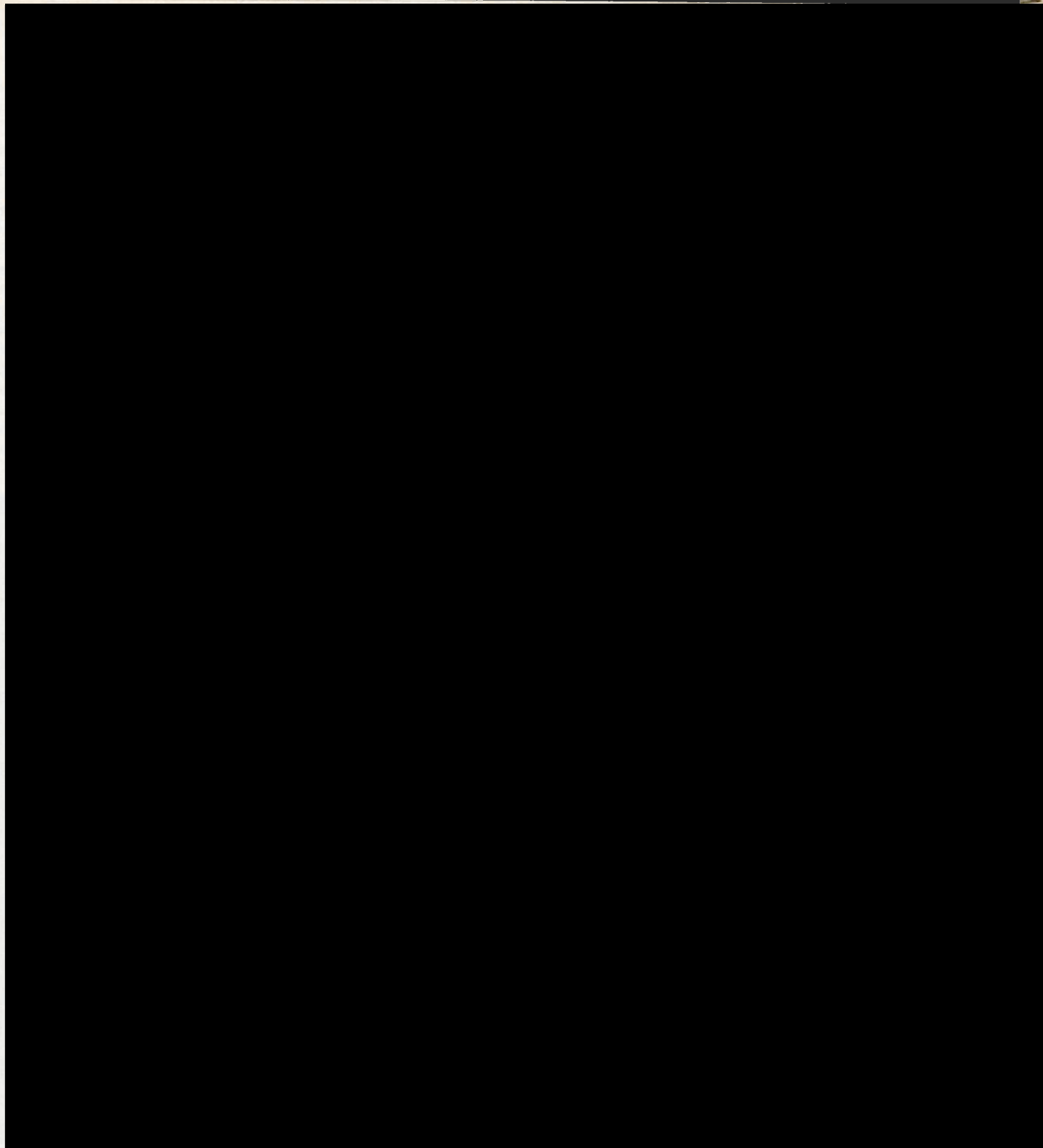
And so it goes on; the sacred litany that is the fabric of the lives of women in Belfast. It's like that every time you put on the radio. Families arrange their lives around news bulletins, news extras. And you hope that this time it won't be your brother or your friend.

E

very year hundreds of design students pour out of art colleges — many of them have little hope of publicising their work or getting a job. Anna Wintour met Joyce Dixon and Stephen King who designed the clothes shown below. Next month in Spare RIB we will be talking about why young designers have such a tough time.

Joyce Dixon, aged 20, won second prize in the Mettler competition and intends to spend a week in Switzerland studying methods there. Stephen King, aged 23, is a final year student at the Royal College of Art. He plans to concentrate on clothes for men, is a great believer in mass production, and starts work with a large sportswear firm in the autumn. Photograph by James Wedge. Hair by Celine at Leonard. Elnora in centre: Prince of Wales long fitted coat with squared shoulders, rever collar, belted, single breasted, side pockets, long single buttoned vent at back. Matching Prince of Wales check wide trousers with high cummerband waistband, side pockets. Narrow tan leather belt at waist. Pale grey polo neck sweater. Designed by Joyce Dixon, 2nd year student Kingston. Pale camel leather lace up shoes stacked heel; Charles Jordan. Twins: Grey flannel jodphurs and slightly batwing matching single-breasted battle jacket with reverred shoulders and cuffed sleeves. Baked bean colour (I would have called it bois de rose) Dacron shirt and matching bow-tie. Cream and bois de rose chevron tank top. Black leather driving gauntlets by N. M. Wallinger. Dark brown leather high knee length fitted boots with 2 inch stacked heel and slightly pointed toe, Chelsea Cobbler. Darker grey flannel swagger coat with wide shoulders slightly batwing, quilted at back, vent at back, long tie belt. rever collar. Matching jodphurs with quilted stripe. Cream elongated polo neck sweater with chevron stripe at waist in deep grey and bright red. Dark brown leather boots by Chelsea Cobbler as other twin. Both designed by Stephen King. R.C.A.





What are little girls made of?

Vicky Austerfield and Jackie Turner

What makes little girls lose interest in science subjects so that when the time comes to take exams (G.C.E. for example) they hardly figure compared with their brothers? * Why do women hold only the lower-paid jobs in scientific and technical fields, and in industry, rarely get training or receive promotion? † The reasons are manifold, but having studied a large number of Junior Science textbooks it is apparent that the authors must bear some responsibility for persuading girls that science is not for them and that people who work outside the home are exclusively male. One author (Leonard de Vries 'The Second book of Experiments' Murray) spells out the assumption when he says 'There is a great need for scientists, and from experience I know how often simple experiments done by young people can lead to a career as a scientist. Many great men of science, indeed, started in just this kind of way; their boyhood hobby was the beginning of their life's work which benefitted mankind.'

But the text-book illustrations really give the game away. For one thing there are very few pictures of girls. Where girls do appear they are clean and quiet, and dressed in their Sundaybest, giving substance to the nursery rhyme 'What are little girls made of?' They tend plants or stroke kittens while their active brothers demonstrate 'Energy' by chopping wood, kicking footballs or having pillow fights.

Boys can not only be energetic, they can be noisy. In a book called 'Sounds of Music' (Arnold) boys are shown hammering and drumming while a girl leans against a tree and listens. 'Sounds that are pleasant to hear' is illustrated by a bird singing and a girl playing her recorder.

At an age when children are intensely interested in anything that 'works', girls are not invited to share the interest that boys have in machines and instruments such as cars, bicycles, home-made megaphones, telescopes and cameras. In a book called 'Light, Lenses and Colour' (Arnold) there is one page showing a girl blowing bubbles and six pages of boys using torches, magnifying glasses, and other technical instruments.

The only bright moments in studying these books is coming across ones which have photographs of children. Here at last is something balanced and recognisable. In 'Make and Find Out' (Macmillan) there are at least as many girls as boys all deeply involved in their activities, flying kites, building, wading, dressed in boots, anoraks and trousers.

One would think from looking at these books that no women have any connection with the practical applications of science or any knowledge about it. In reality a high and increasing number of women work outside the home: their numbers are simply not reflected in these books. There are plenty of pictures of 'mother' cooking, serving meals, washing clothes, going shopping and sometimes being driven by

'father'. The only machines mother ever operates are vacuum cleaners and washing machines. When an interesting activity is going on inside the house, such as father demonstrating some scientific point to their children, mother is never participating, though she may watch from a distance. In 'Watching the Weather' (Chambers) everything is explained by father, who arranges experiments for the children to do. He can explain 'because he was a pilot'. A woman is shown once, hanging out the clothes to dry. Apart from the occasional female teacher, women are never seen as a possible source of information.

Men are pictured or mentioned as workers in practically every field from builders to astronauts. In a book called 'Other People's Jobs' (Evans) all the 'people' are men, and in another book in the same series, called 'Making things move', we are shown dockers, stone age men, medieval peasants, car mechanics, a fairground attendant, stone masons, lumber jacks, Roman soldiers, sailors, builders, a farmer, mill workers, and an astronaut. One nurse tending children in Africa and one girl acrobat being tossed in the air by two male acrobats represent the lot of women.

These books play only a small part in excluding girls from scientific interests and occupations. Long before being exposed to them, girls will have acquired definite ideas about sex roles. Most will already know that science is unfeminine and that their true vocation lies in the home, with unskilled work if they must work, or as Arts students if they are academically successful. These books make their contribution towards ensuring that, as far as science and technology are concerned, it's a man's world.

* The figures for G.C.E. 'O' and 'A' level 1969

Subject	Sex	'O' level passes	'A' level passes
Maths	F	49,329	3,334
	M	83,085	17,207
Physics	F	10,993	4,386
	M	45,483	22,828
Chemistry	F	13,275	4,781
	M	35,222	15,694
Biology	F	55,862	5,356
	M	29,853	6,338

† Only 8% of supervisors in manual occupations are women and in 1966 only 110 women as opposed to 9,630 men were in apprenticeships in Science and Technology. Less than ½% of professional engineers are women.

MUNCHY BUSINESS

by Fran Fogarty photographs by Sue Wilkes

It's no use tactfully trying to oust me from this issue with plans for expert information on nutrition.

I have got some even more expert information on the serious business of greedy picnics. No one can deny the pleasure of setting off through the teeming rain to spend the day rejecting sites for various reasons, until at last you sink down between the cowpats and get ready to agree with everyone that food tasted SO much better in the open air.

Seriously, picnics are a true hit, not to mention noshing at all the disaster-ridden festivals some of us feel bound to endure in order to take in some funky sounds. Just because you may look like a drug-crazed hippie, there's no reason why you should have to live off congealed brown rice or up-against-the-Walls undesirable Wimpy creations. All you need is a box of goodies to keep your pecker up, be you at Bickershaw oran Atom Heart Mother meadow in wildest Wales. How about Doreen's Kipper Pate as your starter for ten:

Doreen's Kipper Paté

8 kippers
¼lb butter
pepper

squeeze of lemon juice

Cook the kippers and mash them up in a bowl, adding the melted butter and seasoning. Squash determinedly between 2 plates and put in fridge till firm. Do not add salt as kippers are salty enough. This is extremely noshable with brown bread and tomatoes.

I just can't face sounding off about how easy it is to bake your own bread, there's a bit too much of that sort of thing going round at the moment, but let me assure you I am extremely lazy, verging on bone idle, and even I find it really simple, with a speedy and succesful method I found in a book called 'Our Daily Bread'. If you want to know it, write to me at Spare Rib, adding much praise for the brilliance of my writings, to ensure a quick reply.

Another good idea is a cold fried sandwich ... just fry anything you like in a little fat and wrap in some greaseproof paper. I'm sure you don't need any sandwich suggestions, fried or not, but banana and chutney, walnuts, dates, and cream cheese, or sausage, marmite, and egg are all destined for acceptance.

I insist you take along some soup, however dowdy you may feel clutching a Thermos flask. This Spinach soup is very warming and nourishing to imbibe as the cows begin to come home or Jo Cocker looks like packing it in.

Cook 1½lb spinach in the water you washed it in for about 7 to 10 minutes. Melt 2 oz. butter in a saucepan, add 1½ oz. flour and 1 shredded onion, and stir. Add 1½pints of milk and stir till it nearly boils. Add spinach as mashed as possible, plus pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg,

also the water the spinach was cooked in, and simmer gently for a few minutes.

Another even better way to keep warm is to concoct some Atholl Brose. This drink is named after the wily Duke of Atholl, who captured his great enemy, the elusive Early of Ross, by filling the well at which he was known to drink with this potent stuff. He was promptly captured as he tottered away from his watering hole.

Atholl Brose

3 heaped tablespoons oatmeal
2 tablespoons liquid honey
1 pt water (approx.)
Whiskey to make up 1 quart

Mix the oatmeal with the water until it's a thick paste. Let it stand for about ¼ hour, then press it fiercely with a spoon through a strainer until the oatmeal is quite dry. Disown the actual oatmeal, and mix the oaty water with the honey, stirring well till blended. Pour into a quart bottle, fill to top with whiskey, cork it, and let it stand 24 hours. Shake well before using. If you want a thicker drink, just add ½ pint double cream when you add the honey.

Apart from the obvious fruit and cheese and sausages that come along on picnics, I strongly suggest that you take some tea-time munchies to deal with that Sweet Tooth that always seems to be around. Hill House Oat Crunchies are oh! so easy and speedy to get together, and bring a pleasant beam to many a face.

Hill House Oat Crunchies

½lb Quaker Oats (NOT Instant ones)
½ lb marge
6 oz. sugar
A PINCH of salt

Melt marge, add oats and sugar, stir till liquid is soaked up. Press into well-

greased tray or tin, bake till golden and crispy on top. (Approx. 15 mins). You can add anything you like to this one, like raisins, nuts, cocoa, ginger, jam or honey, dates, cinnamon.

Serena's Chocolate Biscuit Cake is also a cert. Here it is, and it doesn't even involve much cooking.

Serena's Biscuit Cake

½ lb small Rich Tea biks
2 heaped dessertspoons cocoa
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon golden syrup
4 oz. marge

Melt marge, sugar, syrup and cocoa in saucepan. Add broken-up biks, press into well-greased tin. Leave 24 hours to set or leave to set in fridge. Melt a 2 oz. bar of plain choc in a little milk for a topping topping.

If your sweet tooth is wrestling with your savoury one, Clopton Wag Cheese Straws will soon put pay to that one.

Rub 2 oz. butter into 3 oz. flour. Add 2 oz. grated cheese and a little salt and cayenne pepper. Make into firm paste with the yolk of an egg and a little water. Roll out thinly and cut into straws. Bake for about 10 mins.

After all this outdoor activity you may well return home with a huge snuffle. Treat with a Treacle Posset.

Bring a pint of milk almost to the boil. Add 2 tablespoonfuls black treacle and the juice of a lemon and boil slowly until the curd separates. Sip self-pityingly.

There are so many more greedy things to tell you, but you'll just have to wait, I'm afraid... 'Why did the chicken cross the road?' 'To see Gregory PICK!'...got that one in, hurray...and now I'm off again, so goodbye, and thank you for having me.





books

'You'd rather spend than save? Well wouldn't we all!' This jocular, question and answer routine starts Patsy Kumm's book 'Making Ends Meet' in a manner reasonably representative of what follows. If your ends are a long way from meeting then this book is a sick joke (an expensive one at that). It is a passive, uncomplaining, work filled with euphemisms for poverty, malnutrition and homelessness. It is consequently of little use to the poor, starving or homeless. It is not even much use for trainee ratracers (Young Marrieds with prospects etc) as it contains very little information not available in more useful form elsewhere.

Anyone dedicated to consume more with the expenditure of less money would be better advised (and would spend less money) to visit the local library and flick through back numbers of 'Which?', 'Money Which?', 'Handyman Which?', 'Do-it-Yourself', and 'Practical Householder'. 'Good Food On A Budget' by Georgina Horley (Penguin 75p — should now be available secondhand) is an excellent manual on the subject (analyses of personal expenditure show that more of the average family budget is spent on food than on any item, including housing). 'Good Meals On A Small Budget' by Gladys Mann (Paul Hamlyn 17½p) is not as good but it's still a bargain. Secondhand bookshops are full of cheap books published during the war and post-war rationing period which are packed with good ideas (they tend to have titles such as 'Labour Saving Hints and Ideas For The Home').

Just as 'Making Ends Meet' does not complain about a situation in which people are deprived of the basic rights of food, shelter and clothing, so it also assumes the passivity and alienation of The Housewife (she makes her appearance very early on in the book). Most of the tactics discussed are geared to the individual and therefore guaranteed to have minimal impact on the system which caused the problem in the first place.

When I saw that chapter one was entitled 'Get Organised' I thought that Patsy Kumm was going to discuss tactics for people to come together and to combine action to solve immediate everyday survival problems with a frontal assault on the whole consumer set-up. At the very least I expected some polite consumer action — local consumer groups zapping price-fixing in local shops etc. No such luck: the chapter is about personal organisation of your budget, how not to be 'flibbertigibbet in your approach to money'.

Co-operative organisation makes practical as well as political sense. An individual member of a food co-op will save far more than an individual outside a co-op who simply shops around. Co-operative buying organisations can short circuit the whole consumer distribution

dinosaur and establish direct links with producers. They can even get into production themselves (many allotment holders produce excess food which they swap, barter or sell). Housing associations and self-build housing societies are only a partial solution to the problem of shelter but they are a big improvement on most currently realisable alternatives (except squatting).

Kumm takes isolated stabs at these subjects but doesn't provide enough information or emphasis. She is also reticent about the unconsumerly but very useful supply network for used goods which exists in this country. 'Exchange and Mart', newsagents' notice-boards, junkshops and jumble sales get little or no

mention. Another very basic gap is the failure to mention claimants unions and the sad fact that few people are fully aware of their rights to claim money off the state. Despite all this it is a friendly, amiable well intentioned book.

art

Traditionally, women's home crafts have not been considered serious art. It was recognized that to produce a tapestry or a highly complex patch work quilt required a good deal of skill and patience, but artistic ability was never attributed to women who spent hours slaving away with a needle and cotton. Now the times are changing and people are beginning to realise that such things as tapestries and quilts take more than mere patience to produce. In New York recently there was an exhibition of patch work quilts through the ages and here in England Maggie Norton is having an exhibition at the ICA in September of her crochet wall hangings and designs.

Maggie's first wall hanging picture developed quite by accident about two years ago when a carpet she was crocheting was pulled out of shape. Instead of ruining her work, pulling the carpet in various ways resulted in fantastic three dimensional shapes. The 'carpet' was then displayed at a local exhibition where it aroused great interest, inspiring Maggie to produce other similar wall hangings and to think about marketing them commercially. 'Now when I'm working on a wall-hanging I bear in mind the surroundings, a restaurant, house or wherever, that they are for. They should be hung about

REVIEWS

Illustrations by

six to eight inches from the wall so as to maximise the effect of the light shining through all the colours and shapes'.

Many people, Maggie has found, are quite frightened by the wall hangings which seem to move, 'I don't think that I am the first artist to find this out. Magritte once created a picture of a head with fabric wound round it, which was very frightening. Fabric is something that is very closely associated with women and

childhood, and for someone like me to make it into three dimensions, and to use shapes that are natural, ever though not related to figures, can be disturbing. Most of the forms I use are natural, like fungus or shells. On the whole people either love the hangings or hate them. I once sent some pictures of my work to the Crafts Centre of Great Britain whom I thought would have supported a woman artist. They rejected them as being 'vigorous and derivative' and suggested that I apply 'later'. Presumably, if my work was successful, they'd be only too pleased to display it. I took 'vigorous' as being a compliment, as this term is usually only applied to men!.

Crochet has always interested Maggie Norton and with her work and that of an increasing number of women, she is helping make mere 'women's work' into art in its own right.

machines

Ions are electrically charged particles in the air. Positively charged ions make you feel bad. Negatively charged ions tend to make you feel good. It's a complicated subject but for all practical purposes the following information is at the heart of the matter.

Negative ions are constantly being produced in several ways — radio active elements in the soil, by ultra-violet light from the sun, by lightening and by friction. It's the negative ions that cause that feeling of alertness and well being after a thunderstorm. Because ions only stay negatively charged for a few minutes, the supply needs to be constantly re-

VIEW

Peter Brookes

plenished. In urban areas, not only are they not renewed, but fumes from cars and factories, cigarette smoke and air conditioning actually strip off electrons giving the atoms a positive charge.

It's hardly surprising, considering the beneficial effect of negative ions, that a machine has been produced, simply called a negative ioniser, which puts large quantities of negative ions into the atmosphere, restoring it to its natural, healthy,

unpolluted state. England has been slower, so far, to take to ionisers, but in Russia and Germany they are in constant use. England's reluctance is ironically probably due to the wide range of the ioniser's beneficial effects. After all, anything that cures bronchitis, asthma, migraine, burns and rheumatism, reduces pollution, makes crops grow better and hens lay more eggs, simply must be suspect!

We asked some people who own ionisers and use them regularly, what good they felt they did. Here are some of the replies that we felt were worth publishing. But you don't have to take our word for it

The ioniser in the nursery school where I teach has kept the children clear of the usual expected infections during the past winters. In a small group of children such as ours, we expect colds to do the rounds during the winter. Since we got the ioniser, the absences during winter have dropped noticeably.

In fact, it looks as if infections, if they occur to any extent, happen during the holidays, or right at the beginning of term. Attendance figures are excellent mid-term, which certainly wasn't the case before we got the machine.

Pat McDonald

An Asthmatic compulsively grabs at straws. When a friend told me about the benefits of the Medion Ionizer I grabbed. I was giving a party the day it arrived. It resembles a small circular grey machine from outer space. I gingerly placed it in — conspicuously in a corner of the room plugged it in and switched it on in the hope it might help keep the air fresh and clear of cigarette fumes. Possibly it did, I don't remember but it certainly had an amazing effect on me. Unkind friends call me doormouse because I'm apt to drop off after 12 p.m. That evening I glanced at my watch as the last guests departed, half-regretting the party was over. I was stupified to discover it was nearly four a.m.; I still felt clear-headed and lively. On top of that, the next morning (all of three hours later) when I normally would have expected to feel disastrously groggy and hungover, wonder of wonders, I awoke fighting fit for another interesting day at the office.

Since then my Medion has been my faithful bedside companion. It's too early yet to judge whether it's benefiting my

asthma, the literature supplied with the machine suggests six weeks before having an effect but I do get a distinct impression I awake fresher, sort of toned up. In fact the other day I experienced a distinct, if fleeting moment of actual physical well-being. It brought back memories. So I'm feeling optimistic about this latest addition to my life.

Tony Godwin

In case you are interested in purchasing an ioniser or on having one on free trial, contact Mrs. R. Laws, Medion Ltd., P.O. Box 1, Oxted, Surrey.

records

Yev Tu Shenka. . . C.B.S.

This is an album of poetry recordings taken from concerts performed in New York and San Francisco earlier this year. The orations were given in English and some in Yev Tu Shenko's native Russian; sharing the English readings were such notables as Barry Boys, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Allen Ginsberg.

From these few poems Yev Tu Shenko may be seen to be reading open letters on the human politic, which are best illustrated in the optimistic closing piece of 'In a steelworkers home'. Here he comments on the observation of shared realities between Russians and Americans, encapsulated in the abandonment of cultural and political indoctrination and exhibited by the meeting of Russian and American troops on the Elbe at the end of the last World War, and their joining in the human simplicity of drunken celebration. Yev Tu Shenko is constantly urging the listener to recognise that love like dissent knows no geographical or political boundaries. In his Russian readings his passionately executed genius for emotional communication transcends the language barrier inducing sympathetic feelings and creating a common totally human language. This record is not just for the fashionably literary elite but for all who have a heart and conscience for the future.

Dave Fudger

Joplin In Concert: Janis Joplin CBS 67421

Janis Joplin died just about two years ago and although one album, 'Pearl' was released subsequent to her death, this double bumper bargain special is doubtless to be considered as her memorial. And considering everything Janis meant both as a performer and a person to so many fans, CBS could have made a better job than this posthumous tribute. The tracks, all live, span two periods of her brief career: the early days in San Francisco with her original band, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and the final year when she was backed by Full Tilt Boogie. There are plenty of Janis classics included — Ball and Chain, Piece of My Heart, Down on Me, and what might have been her theme tune, Get It While You Can — and something like an overall five minutes of onstage chat, but it just never seems to get off. The vigour

and spontaneity of Cheap Thrills, her first album, released in 1968, and the mellow delights of 'Pearl' seem to be missing. If you loved Janis, then get the album as a final memory, if you want the original stuff, then get out and buy the earlier albums, released over the last four years: after all, CBS won't mind.

Rock & Roll Revolution. Reperata & the Delrons Avco 6467 250

Lollipop, To Know Him Is To Love Him, He's So Fine, He's So Fine, Be My Baby... If these titles mean anything at all, then you'll love this wander around these all-time girl band chartbusters from way, way back when. Reperata and her girls were never that big deal themselves, but they offer relatively tasty versions of all these fave raves of the past. Though their jazzy version of the immortal 'He's So Fine' is a travesty.

Roxy Music Island ILPS 9200

At last a band I like. As one who gave up listening to rock music, except for a precious few bands, about two years ago, it is a real joy to discover that the art is not wholly dead. I really think that they're the most pleasing band to emerge in a couple of years. And why: Well, in the first place, any band who record a song entitled '2 HB' which has, as a chorus, the line 'Here's Lookin at You Kid' can't be bad. My biases are obvious, and one's always happier when you discover kindred spirits. Produced by Pete Sinfield, once of King Crimson (remember them?), this album has elements of that band's electronic un-earthliness. Plenty of synthesiser and sax give them more levels than the usual three guitars and drums combo. They often sound reminiscent of others: Fairports (original ones), Velvet Underground, and on occasion those fifties rock bands who the name 'Roxy' is doubtless intended to conjure up. Why does one prefer 'a' to 'b'? There's only personal taste and the knowledge that something *feels* right. Roxy Music feels right for me. It should do for you as well.

Just Another Band From LA Frank Zappa & the Mothers of Invention. Straight.

Zappa seems well into phase three of his development. Or is it merely a return to phase one? The Mothers started off with the Hollywood/LA/Freaks satire trip; then, just as everyone was comfortably into giggling at their own foibles and fantasies, Frank tipped over the apple cart and launched into a series of electronic albums. In the midst of these was the fifties pastiche, Ruben and the Jets and that, the satire and the electronics have combined latterly in the Mothers' last three albums of which Just Another Band From LA (Los Angeles) is the latest. One side is taken up with the moving and lengthy tale of 'Billy the Mountain' and his wife Ethel who 'was a tree growing off of his shoulder...' The reverse gives as a range of delights from Magdalena — a tale of groupie fun told in Frank's inimitable way — to 'Eddie Are You Kidding', a poem addressed to one Eddie, who, really and truly, runs the

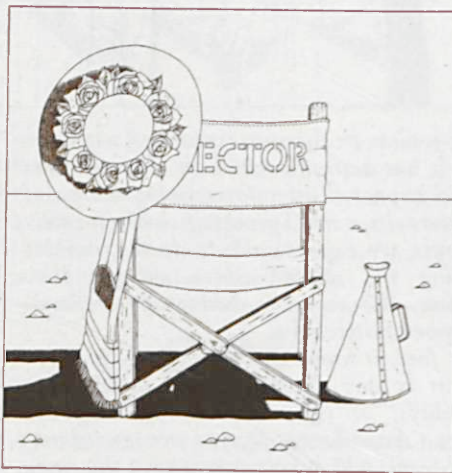
largest suit supermart in the world. There's also a pleasing reprise of their very early number 'Call Any Vegetable'. I unashamedly love the Mothers — what more can I say.

Jonathon Green

film

Reading is on the way out. Today audio-visual communication has become the most powerful medium and most of us cannot escape its all pervasive influence. In the commercial cinema women are at best presented as liberated bitches who can shoot a .38 calibre rifle while exposing a perfect cleavage. At the very worst they are presented as defenceless victims of rape — all good fun for your money. Which popular screen heroine have you identified with — doe-eyed Mia Farrow, pulsating Raquel Welch or self-sacrificing Ali McGraw?

Most films are made by men; there are practically no women directors of feature films in this country. Nor are women employed as camera operators, lighting technicians or sound recordists. A justifi-



cation often put forward for this sort of discrimination is that most equipment is too heavy for women to operate. This no longer applies. Modern technology has at last developed lighter professional equipment. In the past a woman could only become a continuity girl or make-up artist and occasionally rise to the position of first assistant film editor. This situation is changing, for instance Joan Churchill shot the award-winning film 'Punishment Park'.

One way to start in the film industry is by attending Film School. Most local education authorities will give grants to applicants accepted by the schools and it is possible to find out entry qualification and course details by writing to individual schools. Recently, both Bob Dunbar, Principal of the London Film School, and Colin Young, Director of the National Film School, expressed concern at the tiny proportion of women applicants. Of the 25 students at the National Film School only one is a woman and at the London Film School 12% are women. How can we expect women to train for an industry in which their employment possibilities are very limited?

The industry has suffered a severe

set-back in recent years having relied for so long on American backing. The ACTT, the militant film technicians' union, is not fighting on women's behalf. Most of its members are men and with high unemployment in the industry it can only be expected to defend the interests of its existing members.

Overt discrimination in the industry cannot be denied, however women may be unaware of more subtle pressures operating against them. A group of us visited one of the film schools recently and spoke with some of the women students. They were disturbingly complacent about their situation and extremely defensive at any mention of sexual discrimination within the school. They assured us that 'any woman can do whatever she likes provided she has the will to do it. There is no reason why a woman should not be a camera operator or a director but most girls seem to prefer editing'. At the London Film School, for example, the law of the jungle operates and the best jobs are grabbed by the confident and ambitious. No attempt is made to see that each person has a chance to try every job. For a student to get an idea filmed he or she must sell it successfully to other students in order to get a production group together. In such a highly competitive situation, in which they are in a minority, women will necessarily be at a disadvantage in seeing their projects realised on film. The syllabus is vocational, designed to meet the needs of the established film industry which presumably is its justification for the encouragement of this cut-throat competition. A lone woman starting a film course with hopes of making films with a specifically female consciousness is likely to be throwing herself into a lion's den. What if this grisly fate does not appeal to you?

There appear to be two alternatives. You could assemble a group of interested women and demand that a film school accept all or none of you. Do not allow yourselves to be divided by conciliatory selections of token women. Or you could set up your own women's film group.

In London a Women's Film Collective has already started. We came together from the women's movement and several out of frustration with their jobs in film and television. We want to work collectively; It is not our intention to become a group of opportunist career-seeking women. A few more women in prestigious positions will not bring about meaningful change. We think that film and television should be used and controlled by ordinary people for their own needs and interests. The skills are not difficult to acquire. We have already learnt to operate professional film equipment and several films are at the editing stage. Recently a crew went to one of the Kent mining villages and filmed an interview with a wife of one of the miners about her part in organising women during the recent strike. So far we have managed on ingenuity and goodwill but we have proved that it can be done.

This article has been written collectively by the London Women's Film Group, one

of whom was a student at the London Film School.

The Group is short of money — any donations to Box 31, Spare Rib.

dance

Ballet for All

Dancing is as old as Man (and Woman!), preceding, perhaps, even language. Ritual dances, placating and supplicating the Gods, celebrating the seasons and hunting and warrior-triumphs, are part of every tribal history, every civilisation. It is curious, therefore, that ever since dance and dancers moved from the cave to the court, and thence to the theatre, it has tended to become, over the centuries, a highly sophisticated art-form for an enlightened minority.

Well, of course, classical ballet — and, for that matter, 'modern' dance — is a fairly complicated business, built upon an elaborate technique that brings more reward to the audience if they know something about it.

To this end, a small, brilliant satellite of the Royal Ballet, called Ballet for All, tours the British Isles, illuminating the history and techniques of the dance in a way that makes clear that, whatever else it may be, ballet is marvellous entertainment, a synthesis of setting, sound and movement that can be comic and dramatic, romantic and exhilarating.

Originated by Peter Brinson, and now under the direction of one of the Royal Ballet's most famous dancers, Alexander Grant, Ballet for All travels 20,000 hard miles a year, performing almost anywhere and everywhere, in small theatres, in village halls, in colleges and schools, in rural farming communities, in bleak industrial areas, where often audiences are seeing live theatre for the first time, let alone something as supposedly esoteric as ballet.

The Company's programmes vary: sometimes they trace the whole history of the classical dance, from the court masques of the Elizabethans to the glorious days of Diaghilev; sometimes comparing the training and techniques of classical ballet and modern dance; sometimes concentrating on one period or one famous work — but always done with style and panache, leavened with wit and humour.

The small group consists of half a dozen dancers plus a couple of actors who narrate the story, perform as chorus and sometimes appear as various historical characters such as impresarios, musicians, poets and choreographers who, in different periods, gave the dance new ideas and a new impetus. Ballet for All has done marvellous work in its several years of existence, not only as a hard-working troupe of travelling entertainers, but in breaking down prejudice and building up enthusiastic new audiences for the future. After all, if workers throughout the vast areas of Russia can throng to theatres to be thrilled by their local ballet companies, why shouldn't the steelworkers of Sheffield and the shipbuilders of Tyneside get a kick out of our

own visiting British companies — The Royal Ballet, The London Festival Ballet, Ballet Rambert, Scottish Theatre Ballet, Northern Dance Theatre and London Contemporary Dance Theatre? For too long ballet has seemed the preserve of the privileged; Ballet for All has bust that illusion wide open.

During the Autumn Ballet for All will be visiting, provisionally, Felixstowe, Stroud, Northampton, Rotherham and Lincoln.

Gillian Freeman

contests

Mrs Little is a 'nurse, a friend, a financial wizard, a cook, a comforter and a handyman'. She's all those things because she won 'Woman's Realm and Elastoplasts Mum of the Year Competition for 1972' and these qualities, according to Veronica Snobel, the editor of Woman's Realm, are common to all champions of mothercraft.

The competition began with a questionnaire in Woman's Realm — 'When your toddler has a small cut on her knee, do you: Use elastoplast or take her to a



hospital? The coat you had your heart set on is greatly reduced in the sales, but you still can't afford it. Do you: Ask your husband for extra money, steal it out of the house-keeping and give the family less food, or borrow it from the holiday fund? No mention of taking a job, too much like hard work, I suppose. It's all heavy blackmail with the strong moral overtone of 'how much will you really sacrifice for your children?'.

Over 10,000 women entered the first round and by various postal elimination tests, the number was reduced to six who presented themselves in front of the Thames Television cameras for the grand finale. Mary Parkinson compered the show, full of energy and jokes about Michael's vasectomy. Turning to Mrs Hayden from Coventry she asks her why she entered 'I wanted the Elastoplast First Aid Kit', she mutters. First Aid Kits were given to the 100 semi-finalists, but Mrs Hayden steamed in a delighted third and made off back to her folks with £250. Onto the first questions 'Which has more iron in it? ... beef, bread, spam or potatoes?' You're right, it's beef; it's a pity most of us can't afford it. Funny, that the next question concerns nutritious

picnics and the winning picnic contains, among other expensive items, strawberries. Onto the results, but wait, isn't this all a bit behind the times. What are Mrs Hayden, or the illustrious Mrs Little, going to do if their daughters become pregnant aged 13, or their sons grow up to be homosexuals, or their children are arrested for drug taking? They won't know what to do, because in the cosy little world of the Woman's Realm reader the biggest drama is a small cut on a child's knee and the most crucial question facing a mother today is what to do if the baby sitter does not arrive when you're due to go to your in-laws wedding anniversary (in only 12 words, please.)

At the judging, Veronica Snobel and Dr. Weston were concerned how the finalists would spend the prize, while Gerald Harper, (ex-star of Adam Adamant) gave his vote to the nicest ankles. Mrs Little stormed in first with, what we were assured was 'an easy victory' and with tears pouring down her cheeks she promised she would spend every penny of the money, £1,000, on her children.

Maybe it's all a gallant attempt to standardise motherhood, but who wants that, anyway. Perhaps it's all just a lot of laughs, but somehow it seems to be just another attempt to push worn out fantasies down ever-ready throats.

Rosie Boycott

Elvis Jerry Hopkins. Open Gate Books £1.95

Jerry Hopkins, one of whose columns so enraged its subject that he 'wanted to choke every one of those lying yellow journalist throats, bend all their fingers back until they snapped,' has picked what must be the all-time plum for the hip biographer. The story of teen-idol turned ultimate superstar, Elvis, the 'Pelvis', the 'King', Presley. And he just hasn't done his subject justice. Hopkins, with the biggest rock sensation of them all to cover, has one glaring omission that frankly negates all the rest of his research — he has never had one single personal talk with its subject. And not a word either with that mystery figure, the carnival huckster who knew a good thing when he saw it and hasn't ever let go, Colonel Tom Parker.

And he isn't helped much by what few records there are of the spoken rather than the sung Presley. A star who already drove his Rolls and had his mansion in 1957, Presley was reared in an age when even those whose pelvic gyrations necessitated their being televised from the waist upwards knew nothing about the upfront pontifications of today's rock. Col. Tom may have made the Mississippi hick into a superstar, but it's hardly made for a massive backlog of Presley chat.

Without Elvis's own thoughts, the book loses most of what should be million-selling appeal. The minutiae of early rock and roll which Hopkins religiously charts will only interest the truly dedicated. The odd anecdote about the man himself and the details of his life are charted with greater fervour and possibly more excitement in 'Elvis Monthly'. Perhaps Elvis will eventually authorise a biography, and then he may well talk. Jonathan Green

Mother's little helper

Peta Riley

Life with a 6ft. 3ins., pipe smoking, male au pair certainly takes on a slightly unusual quality.

When Erik arrived in Harwich, full of determination to 'service his mistress', 'cleanliness the household', and do 'elemental cookerying', his earnest proclamations of these intentions set the normally implacable immigration officers into something of a tizzy. Shoulder length blond hair was the only common denominator Erik shared with, an impatient train load of, more conventional au pairs, who were delayed during his searching interrogation. Yet it seems that despite the indisputable usual evidence, and Erik's obvious innocence of any criminal intent, immigration cast suspicion on his masculinity and honesty.

It took five officers over half an hour to recover from the blow to their traditional dyed-in-the-wool attitude that young men in their right mind shouldn't be seen dead doing menial household chores under the direction of a mere woman.

Erik arrived on my doorstep baffled and bewildered by his initial reception in British shores, but undaunted in his willingness to carry out the job of mother's help, and to 'perfectionate his English speechifying'. Six months, and a lot of snide comments later, both resolutions remain intact.

The speechifying is vastly improved, though he still swears in his own awe-inspiring native fashion, and the housework, as 'she' is done by this Scandinavian import, is a spectacle worth watching.

The snide comments have come from acquaintances, both male and female, who seem to doubt Erik's real function in our house, my motives in employing him, and his genuine desire to 'service' me to the best of his ability. This ability is considerable. Admittedly it takes two overflowing bowls of 'corny flakes', and several cups of strong black coffee before he gets over our morning rush-hour. Once the glazed look leaves his eyes, and memories of the noisy daily routine of preparing for school and work, begin to fade, then Erik comes into his own. He dons a stylish hair band, Red Indian fashion, to hold back the straight, fine, blond hair (which he secretly wishes would curl), gathers bucket, mop, vacuum, brush and duster into his lanky grasp — and starts. For approximately three hours the house is chaotic from end to end. On the first occasion I caught him at it, the only thing to do was to beat a hasty retreat — convinced that the quality of home life would never be the same again. It was. By some daily miracle order — and that all important cleanliness — does appear before my normal return from work each day.

The kids are happy because Erik is willing to join in their games — even to the extent shunned by their father, of being harnessed up and ridden like a horse. This last shouldn't really surprise me because Erik does have one apparently insurmountable drawback. He eats — how he eats! None of my five-strong family has been known to exactly hold back on the question of food, nor could any one of us be described as sylph-like, but Erik is different. He gets hungry at regular, two-hourly intervals. He apparently needs small snacks at these times — like four rashers of bacon and three fried eggs, toasted sandwiches of four gigantic slices of bread with generous and surprisingly mixed flavours of fillings, or the odd tin of meat plus a few baked beans or cold potatoes.

Meals are the highlight of his day, and what we have eaten,

are about to eat, and plan to eat tomorrow, form the best basis for helping him with lessons in English — he shows such enthusiasm for the subject. While my hard earned house-keeping money struggles frantically to stretch to meals of Erik-like proportions, and I devise more and more filling menus, we all put on weight. But he, by some perverse metabolic law, remains as thin as a rail. It's not the shortage of his native food apparently — he just eats.

One facet of having a male au pair which never ceases to amaze me is that while we had a curvaceous and very feminine 18-year-old counterpart this was accepted as perfectly normal. Nobody nudged my husband knowingly in the ribs with lewd winks and nods insinuating that anything but a proper relationship was going on under our roof. Yet since Erik has been installed the flights of imaginative comment have reached new heights whenever our au pair is mentioned.

So-called friends point at me during formal introductions and announce in loud voices 'She's got a male au pair'. My husband, admittedly just slightly apprehensive before Erik arrived, has been subjected to some interested scrutiny and remarks stopping only just short of sheer bloody rudeness, when the secret has been carefully 'leaked out' at parties. In fact the man I married now enjoys male conversation in the evening, and a joint enthusiasm, (which I never shared) for sport on the telly. He has even declared his preference for having a man about the house, but even this has been wrongly interpreted by those charming cynics who insist on reading double meaning into everything.

Long after Erik was installed and had virtually become a member of the family the intrepid Home Office declared more than the normal interest shown in au pairs. Obviously the news had slowly filtered through via those suspicious and worried immigration officers.

Their fears for the bastions of British masculine dignity were translated into the form of a visit from what must have been a caricature of officialdom. Erik's description, with my translation in brackets, went like this:

'Here is coming to the door a very not long man (short). He is on his head with a black round hat, and spectacle glasses. He is asking me I am really named Erika. I find he thinks I should be woman. I tell him.

'Then he is wandering on a form what can I do in the house. I can tell him about the cleanliness and the cookerying (incidentally the cookerying appears to be limited to those eternal bacon and eggs). I also tell him about the childrens and that you are my mistress out working so that I help you while I am learning to speech.

'He is now looking at me very strange, so then he goes away at last.'

I bet the lower echelons of the Home Office in our part of the world are absolutely agog, but this rather one sided interview with Erik does seem to have quietened them.

Despite the few difficulties, like an earnest discussion with Erik at a crowded bus stop about what he should do about constipation, life will certainly be a lot less interesting when he leaves. Until that time I'll go on adding three ounces of tobacco and a packet of razor blades to the shopping list with good grace — they're small enough perks to keep a domestically inspired man happy.

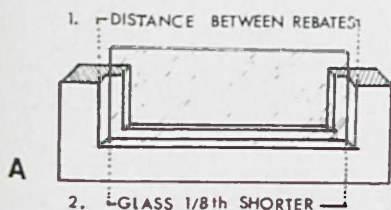
SPARE PARTS

BROKEN WINDOWS

IF YOU ARE STILL WAITING FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND, HUSBAND, OR THE GLAZIER TO COME AND FIX YOUR WINDOW ... then maybe this might help.

The greatest difficulty is getting the glass from the glass merchants or glaziers to your window - in one piece ... Especially if it is a big window, shop around to find a merchant who will deliver. Some ironmongers stock small amounts but they rarely deliver.

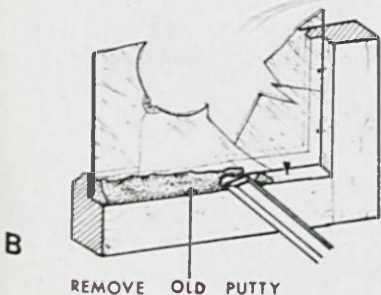
1. It is essential to measure for the window pane very accurately. Measure the width & height of window to edge of the rebate (A). The glass must be about 1/8th inch shorter than the distance between the rebates. Also measure both top & bottom of window as it is not always square.



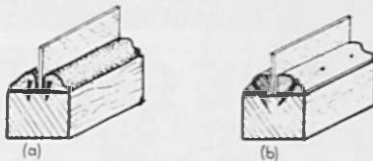
2. Start by removing all the loose pieces of glass, wearing some thick gloves. Keep children & pets away in case of splinters.

3. Remove the old putty with a chisel or sharp knife from the rebate side. Do this carefully to avoid damaging the wood. (B).

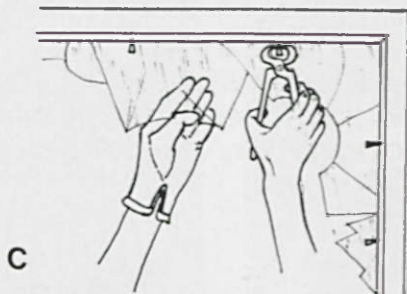
Sometimes there are laths (thin strips



of wood) instead of putty holding the glass. In which case lever the strips off & take out the brads or panel pins. (b). A few older windows are only held in with putty & brads on both sides (a).



The rebate is usually on the outside of the window, so if your window isn't on the ground floor you have to balance precariously on the window ledge, use a ladder, or take the whole window out... This takes two people, time and patience, so if possible use the ladder or the window ledge...



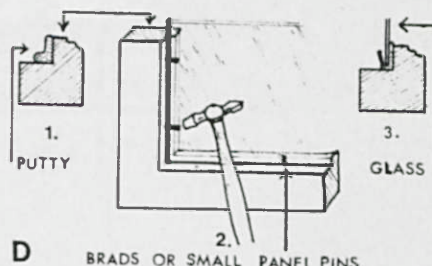
4. Pull out the little brads with a pair of pliers, holding the edges of the remaining glass (C). Tidy up the recess of bits of glass & old putty so that you have clean rebates to take the new glass. To be really professional about it - you should give the rebate a coat of priming paint (dries in approx 1 hr) as the bare wood otherwise soaks up the oil in the putty which renders it dry and it chips too easily.

5. Use the appropriate putty for wood or metal frames. Knead it well until it is very pliable (otherwise you have to put extra pressure on the glass to get it to sit in the frame). You can add a few drops of linseed oil to the putty if it is really hard.

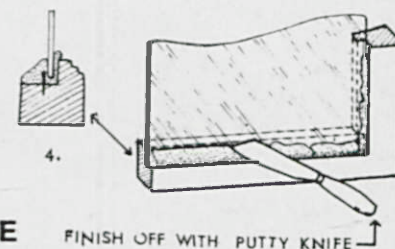
Press strips into the recess with your thumb to make a bed for the edge of the glass (D).

6. Carefully fit the new pane into position by gently pressing round the edges with your fingertips so that it squeezes a little putty over the back of the recess as in (4E). Remove this last of all.

7. Tap a few brads into place, carefully sliding along the glass so as not to break it. (This is one of the most usual ways of breaking the new pane...) (D2) On a large window only three or four brads are needed per side.



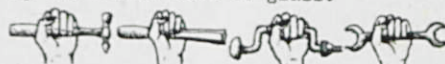
8. Tuck some putty firmly into the corners of the window with your thumb. Then work the putty as evenly as possible along all the edges. Finally smooth it off with a putty knife, making sure that it is the same level as the back of the recess (E). Trim off any putty squeezed out on the other side.



The window should now be left for at least 24hrs before cleaning the glass or painting over the putty to match. Always use an oil based paint for windows as emulsion fades in the light and isn't weather proof. To avoid endless hours of scratching off rough paint edges with a razor blade, run a strip of masking tape or sellotape along the edges of the glass before starting to paint.

MATERIALS.

Glass
Putty
Small Hammer
Pliers
Brads or panel pins
Putty Knife (or sharp knife)
Brush
Priming paint
Gloves
Pencil & ruler.
and plenty of newspaper for wrapping up the broken bits of glass.



This page is for all women who, because of their sex, have been denied the facility for learning certain skill skills. As a result we are forced to depend on men to survive in this machine world. Please let me know of all the jobs, however small, that you want information on. It really is SO much quicker in the long run to do it yourself. It also means that whatever it is it gets done the way YOU want it

Stephanie Gilbert

SHOE REPAIRS

..... or, if your one month old cork clogs look like

this, the only thing you can really do is to lay them gently to rest in the dustbin...

This is not to say that I haven't tried. ...When the first crack appeared in the 2nd week, I hopefully reached for the Araldite and, having used up half the packet, and stuck all my fingers together, was successful. However, next week the heels started cracking up. By carefully balancing the clogs on their toes overnight I managed to fill up the holes where the cork had fallen out. But it



hardened with bulbous oozes dripping down the sides... In dismay I tried to cover this up by dyeing the whole cork with leather dye. Once again they looked quite presentable.

Unfortunately by this time the suede had stretched dangerously and would only stay on if I wore two pairs of socks. Not to worry... until I stumbled down the tube steps.

I padded home in my two pairs of socks, clutching two pieces of shaggy suede and some rather heavy lumps of araldite and cork. ...Once upon a time shoes were made of leather. This is kind to your feet and is even comfortable. In eager anticipation of LEATHER autumn shoes the next issue will be on how to look after them, and successfully repair them, yourself.

...and now their Greatest Hits album



Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme



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